

The American Girl

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Beginning WAUL AND DYKE, INC., a mystery serial by Ethel Cook Eliot
LEONORA AND THE WOLVES by Frank Hampton Fox

OCTOBER

1925

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The American Girl

ALICE WALLER, *Managing Editor*

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ELLIOTT P. HENRY, *Advertising Manager*

A magazine for all girls

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Our October Contents

Art and Poetry

Cover Design David Hutchison
A Vagabond Song Bliss Carman 4
Design by Ila McAfee

Stories

Waul and Dyke, Inc. (Serial—Installment 1) Ethel Cook Eliot 5
Illustrations by Douglas Ryan
Leonora and the Wolves Frank Hampton Fox 8
Illustrations by David Hutchison
Spirit Earl Reed Silvers 12
Illustrations by Ethel C. Taylor
Apaches on the Trail Bertha Chapman Cady 15
Illustrations by Leon D'Emo
Lucky Penny (Serial—Conclusion) Edith Ballinger Price 18
Illustrations by the author
'Round about the Busqueek Camille Davied 20
Illustrations by Henry J. Peck

Girl Scout Week

To You, Girl Scouts Juliette Low 11
Celebrating Girl Scout Week 23

Our Girl's Room Contest

Announcement 24

Merit Badge Pages

The Beholder (Naturalist) Girl Scouts 26
Hallowe'en (Hostess) Madge Williams 27
Books to Enchant (Scribe), May Lamberton Becker 50

Help Yourself for Your Troop

Our Scribes' Corner 28

Girl Scout Pictures

Putting Across the Girl Scout Idea 30

Other Interesting Pages

The Tale of a Dog or A Girl Scout to the Rescue Seddie Aspell 32
Our Puzzle Pack George Carlson 38
Special Delivery from the International Post Office 52
The Way in Scoutville 55
Along the Editor's Trail 58

You'll be Thankful

in

NOVEMBER

Because there will be more stories than ever before in the magazine. And when December rolls 'round and 1926, you will have still more stories. Here is a list of just a few authors who are writing for THE AMERICAN GIRL:

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Ralph Henry Barbour
Jane Abbott
Edith Ballinger Price
Constance Lindsay Skinner
Clarice Detzer
Kenneth Payson Kempton
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A Vagabond Song

By BLISS CARMAN

There is something in the Autumn
that is native to my blood—
Touch of manner, hint of mood;
And my heart is like a rhyme,
With the yellow and the purple
and the crimson keeping time.

The scarlet of the maples can
shake me like a cry
Of bugles going by,
And my lonely spirit thrills
To see the frosty asters like a
— smoke upon the hills.

There is something in October
sets the gypsy blood astir;
We must rise and follow her,
When from each hill of flame
She calls and calls each vagabond
by name.



Jane was facing Aunt Augusta, feeling in some way that this was a critical instant in their strained relations

Waul and Dyke, Inc.

Chapter I

The Bracelet Vanishes

WHY Jane Dyke accepted Grace Merriman's invitation for that week end she scarcely knew. Perhaps she said "yes" merely in the first flush of hearing from Grace that Grace's marvelous uncle, Mr. Paul Waul, had sent "regrets." Grace was a colorless girl in the junior form of Miss Burk's school where Jane was a senior. This year Jane had had occasion to do her a friendly turn or two—the sort of a friendly turn that a very popular girl has many opportunities to render a girl not so popular, and now Grace had screwed her faint courage up to the point of asking Jane to her mother's summer place for a week end in late October; and for Jane's sake she had also included other girls and boys in the party, though she would much have preferred to have had Jane by herself.

Mr. Paul Waul had been asked especially for Jane. Little could Grace know that his having sent regrets had saved her party. For Mr. Waul was peculiarly unpopular at Miss Burk's school, and this in spite of the fact that not a girl there had ever clapped eyes on him. They knew him only through Grace's many and glowing descriptions. But that was just the trouble. It is unwritten law at Miss Burk's school that one does not boast about one's

A house party of boarding school girls and academy boys, a strange disappearance—so starts our new serial

By ETHEL COOK ELIOT

Illustrations by Douglas Ryan

relatives, be they who and what they may. Mr. Waul, thanks to his admiring niece, had become an almost legendary figure. The picture was of a perfect young man, marvelous in correctness, morals, tailoring, and endowed with the wisdom of

Solomon; in other words an obnoxious creature. Poor Grace! If she could only know how she had injured any possible standing that her family idol might have with Miss Burk's girls! And now she had tried to bring her two great admirations together, her notable friend at the school and her notable uncle at home. Well, thank goodness that scheme of schemes had collapsed. But the house party was to be given for all that.

The Merriman summer place was only about thirty miles from the school, straight away over hills and through dales to the shore. Mrs. Merriman was sending a "beach wagon" for them, an automobile that would accommodate the entire party. Two other girls were going from Miss Burk's, and three boys from Lowell Academy, across the river. It would be a nice ride anyway, seven young people jolting along for thirty miles in a jolly beach wagon. And it began by being a perfect October day, so clear and sunny and full of color.

If the color and the sunshine could have lasted! But the crowded beach wagon had spun along only a few miles

toward the sea when the day changed its face. The blue of the sky gradually faded into a steely wash of gray and the still air stirred and turned chilly. The party in the beach wagon drew rugs from under the seats, and before the ride was over they had wrapped them as high as their chins to keep out the damp, penetrating cold. Much of the way they sang songs to cheer up their spirits. No one there had really been keen about coming, and now there was something almost foreboding in the way the day had turned.

Jane was not an especially imaginative person, so there really must have been something about the Merriman house towering on its cliff above the Atlantic, as they approached it, that was really strange and eerie. It stood with its back to the thunderous surf and its dark, sober face toward the road and the hills over which the car full of young people had just come spinning and bumping.

Beryl Cosgrave, who sat next to Jane, linked her arm in Jane's suddenly and said in such low tones that there was no chance of the others distinguishing the words above the noise of the auto engine, "Ugh! Isn't it gray and dreary! Do you know why I came? Just because Grace's aunt is Alfreda Waul. But it was silly of me. There's no chance of her blowing in here, and what good will it do me just to have slept in the house where she was a little girl? But I'm like that. Sentimental."

Beryl laughed at herself.—Alfreda Waul, of course, is the great Alfreda Waul, the pianist. And since Beryl's one aim in life was some day to emulate her and be a great concert player herself, Jane understood.—But she herself laughed, her special chuckling laughter that was partly the source of her popularity, and whispered back, "And do you know why I'm here? Because the magnificent, the glorious, and the perfect Mr. Waul sent 'regrets'. That's what Grace said: he sent 'regrets'. He would. Isn't that silly of me too? But you can't call it sentimental!"

"No one will ever call you sentimental in this world, my dear," Beryl assured her. She lifted her chin as she surveyed more minutely the house they were approaching up the ascent of the crooked cliff road. Beryl's eyes for the instant were wide to drink in novelty, and the yellowish gray light that was washed over the cold sky lent a pallor to her interesting face. Her father was Irish, and it was the Celt in her that spoke next. "Suppose, just suppose, Jane," she murmured, "that it's all bewitched. Suppose some dark fate awaits us here! Suppose, suppose—Paul Waul opens the door for us!" To Jane's shudder she went on rather cruelly, "There are only three boys, you see, and four of us girls. Paul Waul doesn't live very far away, you know. He's tutoring a boy over in Goshen. Suppose already his good nature has begun

to work on him and he come to be your partner!"

"For mercy's sake, stop your supposings," Jane hissed in an uneasiness that was only half pretended. "And don't go casting any spells or things like that now! You look like a witch this minute, if you only knew it!"

"It's not I," Beryl told her seriously. "It's the house. Can't you see there's something—queer? Can't you *feel* something dark—and strange there?"

Jane shook her head. This was not entirely honest of her. The yellow gray light in the sky, and the dark house towering every instant larger and larger above them, the steady boom of the surf against rocks, and the chilly salt wind, all gave her a decided sense of eeriness. And then to put the finishing touch, just as they lumbered through the drive's gateway in noisy first speed,—for the road here at the end was both steep and rocky,—a gypsy woman crossed under the house windows and came down the terrace steps toward them as they grated to a stop. Her head was held high, and her black eyes looked at each member of the house party with a bold intentness. But she did not speak. She glided past the car, and scorning the roadway started off with long strides down through the bushes and briars, her back to the sea. Then she was gone in her flutter of red and yellow and purple rags. Afterward Jane was to remember that regal gypsy woman as the first note struck in the jangle of mystery that was about to clash all about that party of week-ends, and make the next twenty-four

hours the most exciting in her whole life up to the present minute.

A movement at an open window above drew Jane's eyes as she got down over the side of the beach wagon. A maid in a frilly white cap was leaning out, her hands clutched on the stone of the window-sill, her face pale and distressed. And although an auto party of seven young people, about whom she might be supposed to have some natural curiosity was disembarking noisily under her very nose, it was obvious that for her at that minute they did not exist. Her strained and anxious attention was riveted on the swaying bushes through which the gypsy woman disappeared.

Up in the surprisingly magnificent room that had been assigned to her Jane discovered this same maid, and although it did not come within her duties, the maid lingered, insisting on helping Jane unpack her bag. In fact she rather clung to Jane, as though timid about departing alone into the dim halls beyond the door.

"Yes, it is a very grand room," the young woman agreed in response to Jane's exclamations. "You see that's because it's the one they always keep for Miss Collins. She moved out when she heard about the house party yesterday, though she herself had just come, because she's such a



Jane Dyke, a senior in Miss Burk's school

light sleeper. She thought you young people might disturb her afternoon naps. She's sleeping away off at the other end of the house now, in the turret room. I had just finished moving her and come back to make sure all was taken when you drove up. She's my mistress."

"Who is Miss Collins?" Jane asked with interest. "Grace has never mentioned her."

"She's the Misses Merriman's aunt. 'Aunt Augusta.' You'll see her soon enough."

There was something ominous in the way Marie—that was the maid's name, Jane had discovered before this—ejaculated that last sentence, and Jane chuckled, but barely audibly. "Marie doesn't like her mistress, and she doesn't expect me to," she decided.

Jane liked Marie though, ever so much. She thought her as nice as she certainly was pretty. She liked her so much that she let her stay on after the bag was unpacked, and she did not demur when Marie offered to sew a missing snap on the henna frock Jane meant to wear when she should go down stairs. Jane was one of those people who are so interested in life and its adventures that they are apt to be careless about the little things that take time and remembering. Marie as she hung up Jane's dinner frock and put away her underclothes, decided that she enjoyed waiting on this good-looking, friendly young lady.

"I'll just run this ribbon over again into your night-gown," she said, when she was finished with the snap, "if you don't mind, Miss. You've got it sort of twisted and skipped some of the beading."

"Oh, thank you. But does a little thing like that matter?"

"Well, when you're so pretty—yes—"

Marie's eyes were all admiration. Jane laughed. But when Marie had finally snapped her into the henna silk and brushed her short curly brown hair until it looked burnished, Jane still lingered on in Aunt Augusta's bedroom, which was hers for tonight and tomorrow night, rather clinging to Marie's society. Jane was a stranger to fancies and nervousness; but even so she felt a disquieting reluctance about going down and entering into the real heart of the life of this high-perched, sea-hoarding house.

In fact she stayed on until Grace came to fetch her. Grace stood in the doorway, hands clasped. "Oh, that's a sweet dress!" she exclaimed of the henna silk. "I never saw it before. But every one's down in the drawing-room. We're going to have tea in a few minutes and Beryl is playing for us to dance. Do come."

As they went down

arm in arm Grace inquired, "Do you like your room? It's really the prettiest one in the house. It's my great-aunt Augusta's. But she was getting out anyway, and I persuaded mother to give it to you. I did want you to have the very best. And mother's just wonderful about managing Aunt Augusta. No one else can."

So great-aunt Augusta had had to be managed before Jane could have her room! Well, Jane didn't blame her for that. There must be plenty of other vacant bedrooms in this enormous house. Jane's sense of disquiet grew.

As they neared the drawing-room they heard the thrum of the piano. Mrs. Meriman was standing near the door watching the dancing. She was extremely gracious and warm in her greeting of her daughter's favorite school-mate. And certainly she was a surprising mother for such a colorless girl as Grace to have. She was beautifully gowned, and beautiful herself in a clear-cut, definite sort of way. Seeing her, Jane was not a bit surprised that she could "manage" Aunt Augusta. Clearly she was a managing person.

Jane was taken at once to Aunt Augusta. She sat near the piano, but with her back to it, knitting a pair of socks. They were gray, coarse and ill shaped. Perhaps they were destined for Mr. Paul Waul. Jane chuckled and hoped this was so. It was not often that people being introduced to Aunt Augusta chuckled. She looked up sharply at this young person, Jane Dyke. And Jane, looking down, at her, controlled as best she could the ripple of mirth that had flooded her hazel eyes. For Aunt Augusta was never the person to whom to confide a joke. She sat austere and harsh at the end of a sofa, dressed in a black creation so jetty with beads that it had the appearance, rather, of ebony armor. Her black hair

was coiled in a complicated but severe fashion high on her head. It was very thick and luxurious, that marvelously dressed hair. It was a wig, but Jane, at no time a truly observing person, did not surmise this. Her eyes made up for their smallness and closeness together above her aristocratic old nose by being peculiarly dark and snapping. Jane called the glance of the old lady's eyes "spiked." But not aloud, of course!

And yes, what Jane had foreseen was true. The old lady detested her. It was rather dull of poor Grace if she wanted Jane's visit to be a pleasant one, to have insisted on her occupying Aunt Augusta's precious room.

Max Colt, one of the boys of the party, came gliding to Jane's (Cont. on page 40)



Afterward Jane was to remember that regal gypsy woman as the first note struck in the jangle of mystery that was to clash all about that party of week-enders

Leonora and the Wolves

By FRANK HAMPTON FOX

Illustrations by David Hutchison



Leonora, the brave girl of the plains

WHAT'S the trouble?" inquired Mrs. Leonard at the supper table as she scanned the tired and worried faces of her husband and his cow-boy helpers, Bob Buckner and Bill Bender.

"The wolves're killin' all the calves," answered Jim Leonard. "If they keep on we shan't have a calf left. We're goin' to get 'em tomorrow. See if we don't!"

"Leonora," said her father, "I want you to look after the cows and calves tomorrow. Take 'em over toward the Washita. They won't be much trouble, there's only fifty head now."

"What're you and the boys goin' to do?" inquired Mrs. Leonard.

"We're goin' to start early an' ride up into the Antelope Hills an' dig the pesky wolves out o' their den, an' kill every blamed varmint o' 'em."

"Oh, daddy, let me go with you! It'll be such oodles and oodles of fun," pleaded Leonora, getting up and going around to his chair and throwing her arms about his neck. "Please, daddy, you never do let me do what I want to."

Jim Leonard put his arm around the waist of the slender seventeen year old girl and drew her close to him. "You mean, my dear, that I seldom deny you anything. This time I must, because I need both the boys to help me, an' it won't do to let the cows and calves roam the range without anybody to look after 'em."

"I'd be a lot of help, wouldn't I, Bob?" asked Leonora, fixing her dark eyes on the blue-eyed, flaxen-haired young man who blushed and shifted uneasily.

"You shure would," answered Bob.

Jim Leonard and Leonora were the best of pals. Before she was old enough to ride alone, he had placed her up on the broncho with him and had taken her for long rides over the range while he rounded up the cattle. When the broncho bucked she would clap her hands in great glee.

"You're a plumb game sport," he would say at such times and murmur to himself, "The Lord didn't give me a cowboy, but I'll have a great cowgirl some o' these days."

Now Jim Leonard patted Leonora's black wavy hair, kissed her, and said, "I can't let you go with us tomorrow, honey; it's dangerous, an' it'll be a mighty hard day's work."

Leonora went back to her seat, her eyes swimming in tears. Jim Leonard changed the conversation as quickly as he could for it was very distressing to him, this matter of denying anything to his daughter who had always proved herself such a good sport. Turning to Mrs. Leonard he said, "We'll ride before day. Put some jerked beef and bread in my saddle bags. We'll get our own breakfast, for we must be in the Antelope Hills before sun-up."

"You'll have a quiet day, Leonora," said her father as he kissed her good night. "And, by the way, I wish you'd lend me your gun for to-morrow. I broke the spring in mine today. No danger of your needing it—the wolves never get down to the Washita."

"Sure, daddy," Leonora exclaimed as she slipped from his arms and ran up-stairs to her room and lifted down from the deer horn rack a repeating rifle of

the latest make. From a prong of the deer horns she took the cartridge belt, looped it over her arm and ran back to him, saying, "You must bring me two wolf pelts for my bed-room floor."

"I'll sure bring you a wolf pelt to put down in front o' your bed," promised the man.

The girl accepted her father's decision as final and right. She knew his kindness of heart too well to doubt the wisdom of his purpose. Next morning, she was awake when they set off for the big wolf hunt, saying to herself, "I wish they hadn't taken the dogs with 'em; Bruno and Bison'd have been a lot o' company. I'll have to get along with Ginger," she concluded, thinking of her fine fleet mustang, a birthday gift from her father. "Yes, Ginger'll be my only pal today."

Her mother was up early, and after a ranch breakfast of fried bacon and hot biscuits and honey, Leonora mounted Ginger. Mrs. Leonard opened the gate to the corral and the cows filed out. After their heads were turned toward the Washita, they needed little attention. They shuffled along, pausing now and then for a mouthful of buffalo grass by the trail and keeping steadily toward the rich feeding grounds ahead. Arrived there, Leonora watched them scatter over the little valley, then left them to graze at will. Riding up onto a nearby ridge, she dismounted, removed the bit from Ginger's mouth and turned him loose to nibble grass as he pleased.

For some time she sat upon the ridge, glancing idly down at the cattle, thinking of her father and the boys and wondering whether they had succeeded in locating the wolves' den. Suddenly, her astonished attention was drawn to Ginger. He had ceased to nibble grass and was standing with lifted head, staring wildly about. Leonora jumped up, ran to him, and patted his neck reassuringly. Her presence seemed to satisfy the pony, for he returned to his grass refreshment.

But Leonora could not so lightly dismiss the strange presentiment which had swept over her. It seemed to her that an unusually heavy haze was hanging over the autumn sky. The stillness brooding over the prairie seemed deathlike. What was the matter?

She scanned the grazing cattle. All was peaceful down there. She looked back at her pony. He, too, had quieted. Above her head, a flock of geese in V-shaped formation were winging their way southward.

"Pooh!" thought the girl, throwing herself upon the ground behind a big boulder. The sun was warm and comforting and she had been up for many hours. Soon Leonora Leonard was fast asleep.

How long she slept, she did not know. But when she opened her eyes, the sun had swung around and

Ginger was standing over her, trembling in every muscle.

"Why, Ginger!" she exclaimed, reaching up to pat him. The next instant her keen ear caught the sound of bellowing among the cattle down near the river.

"Stay here, Ginger boy," she commanded. Plains-girl that she was, she realized that some crisis was at hand. Cautiously she crept to the top of the little rocky lodge. One swift sweeping glance and she quickly lowered her head lest she betray her presence.

A big grey wolf with her pack of eight three-quarters grown cubs was rounding up the herd of cows and calves preparatory to stampeding them after they were too terrified for flight! Wolves—and she had no gun.

All too well, she knew what was about to happen. When the herd was in a wild panic, the wolves would seize a calf and devour it without danger of being disturbed at their feast. Leonora threw back her head. No! Her father's cattle should not be lost when she was there to defend them. There was a way—*there was a way if—*

Creeping noiselessly back to Ginger she quickly replaced saddle and bridle. By the time she had leaped on his back she had formed a swift plan of action. She turned Ginger's head down the steep bridge into the valley. The frantic herd, in a panic, had already started the stampede, running into each other, continuing to bellow. This created the confusion which the instinct of wolves has taught them to produce before attempting to kill a victim from the herd. The cubs kept up a continuous yelping while the old she-wolf snapped viciously at the heels of the frantic cows.

The cowgirl, true to the training of the plains, unloosed her lasso as she rode, grasping it in her right hand ready to throw at the proper instant.

Riding behind a low thick clump of wild plum bushes which completely concealed her, she stood on tiptoe in her stirrups to watch the movements of the pack. They ran around and around the panic stricken herd, snapping their heels, yelping all the while in a way that sends terror to any animal pursued by the she-wolf on the cattle range.

Leonora watched until the old mother wolf was hidden behind the herd; then she gave Ginger a fierce dig in the side with her spurs. He leaped across the intervening space. Leonora raised herself in the saddle, swung the lasso over her head and sent it spinning through the air hoping to catch the mother wolf around the neck and choke her to death. At that instant a young wolf, the natural leader of the pack, leaped up abreast of the mother. For an instant she swerved. The lasso missed the mother and caught the cub around the neck. Ginger, knowing what was expected of him, turned and ran in the opposite direction, dragging the wolf after him. The young cub gave one loud, despairing yelp which was followed by a brief series of death gurgles. After dragging him some fifty yards, Leonora whirled Ginger around and rode over the cub, trampling the life out of the beast.

The girl then slipped from the saddle, loosening the lasso just as the enraged mother wolf bore down on her in wild fury. Her long tongue hung from her open mouth; foam

fell from her powerful jaws; her eyes gleamed like flames of fire. This unexpected turn of affairs had upset all Leonora's calculations. She had planned to kill the mother, expecting the cubs then to take flight in a panic. With no time now to think, she leaped back into the saddle and gave Ginger a dig with the spur.

He was off like the wind, the blood-thirsty and avenging she-wolf yelping and snarling after him. The cubs, hearing the enraged yelps of their mother, joined in the chase. On they charged, snapping viciously. Leonora knew that something desperate must be done or the pack would soon be upon her. Yet she must continue to direct her attack against the mother-wolf hoping thus to frighten off the others. The pack was now gaining rapidly on Ginger who seemed to show signs of exhaustion. Leonora had only her lasso with which she must try again. Gathering it once more ready for a throw, she whirled Ginger around. On came the she-wolf, leading the attacks. She looked as big as Ginger to Leonora. The fury of the beast had increased with the wild race.

Once more the lasso spun through the air. But just as it reached the mother wolf, she leaped upward and the rope, instead of encircling her neck, tightened around her foreleg close to her body. Ginger whirled wildly, breaking the bridle bit. The girl now had no way of guiding the pony.

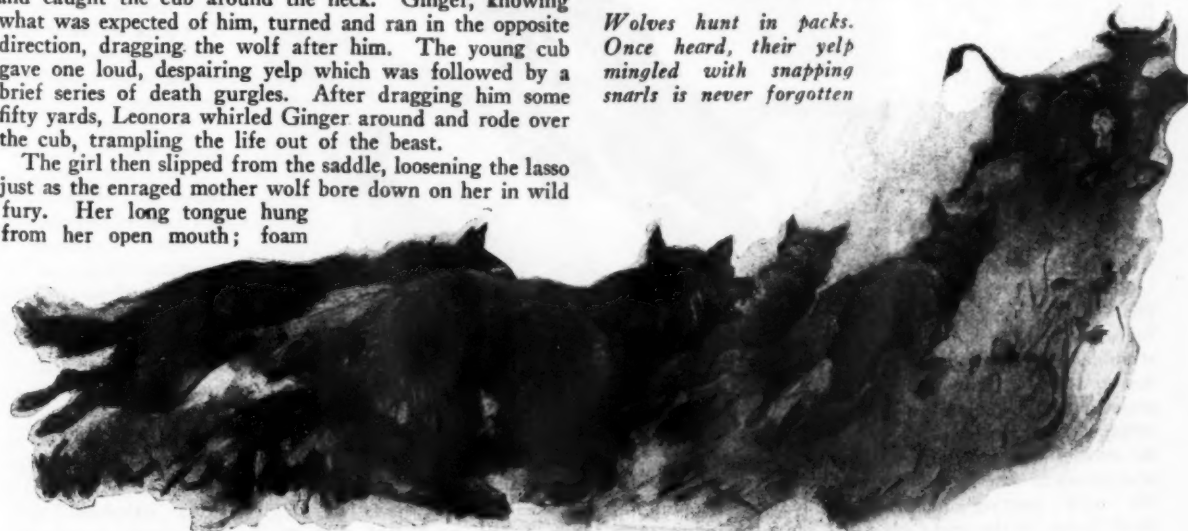
"Oh, daddy!" she sobbed, terror-stricken. "Why don't you come?"

Ginger needed no admonition of spurs to make him go. He began to feel the terror inspired by the howling, snapping pack at his heels. He dragged the wolf along for a few yards until she managed to get onto her feet, running with three legs. Finally she gained upon the pony so that she got her lassoed leg onto the ground as well. Now she was snapping at Ginger's heels. But he kicking her viciously with both feet, leaped forward jerking the wolf heels over head and completely entangling her in the lasso.

The mother was helpless now, but with angry yelps and snarls, she directed her cubs as she was dragged over the rough ground. She incited them to close in on Ginger and his rider. Leonora, secure in the saddle, leaned forward, patted Ginger on the back, talking to him, urging the utmost speed. Even so, she felt the pack would surround them in a few minutes more. Escape was hopeless but they would fight until the last.

Jim Leonard and his cowboys were returning in mid-afternoon from their long, tiresome fruitless hunt. Their

Wolves hunt in packs. Once heard, their yelp mingled with snapping snarls is never forgotten



jaded horses hung their heads as they jogged along toward the ranch. Even the ranch dogs, Bruno and Bison, trotted behind with lolling tongues and drooping tails. No one spoke. They had been riding in silence for some time, each man busy with his own thoughts, when Bob Buckner stood up in stirrups and raised his hand, the sign for a halt.

"What is it, Bob?" inquired Jim Leonard.

"Wolves," answered Bob, sharply.

They all listened—there it was—the "yelp, yelp," of the pack when the wolves are closing in on their prey. Once heard, this yelp mingled with snapping snarls, is never forgotten or mistaken. Wolves hunt in packs. Their rallying cry in answer to their leader's directing sharp staccato, is peculiarly terrifying.

"They're after the girl!" cried Jim Leonard.

"Do you think so?" asked Bill Bender.

"I know it, that's right where she'd be at this time. And I have her gun! I'll give a hundred dollars to the man who kills the first wolf out o' that pack."

Bob Buckner did not hear this for he was already digging the spurs into his broncho's sides. He shot across the prairie far in the lead of the others. Bob felt a lump rising in his throat threatening to choke him. He urged the mustang to the utmost limit of its speed, gripping his gun, ready to shoot the instant he got sight of a wolf. The ranch dogs bounded forward, leading the advance, scenting the battle from afar. Louder and clearer came the barking and snarling of the enraged pack.

All that Leonora had feared was coming true. Two of the swiftest of the wolves were jumping for Ginger's nose. Two others leaped on his haunches. The others were snapping at his legs. Bravely the girl held on, and viciously the pony fought. All the fighting instincts of his mustang ancestors came into play. Ginger kicked, and pawed. He seized a hapless wolf with his teeth by the back of his neck. He flung the beast down and trampled upon it.

But the death struggle was now on. The wolves dragged the pony down on his knees. Leonora gave a scream of terror that sounded far out over the plain. That cry of horror pierced the heart of Jim Leonard.

"Come on, Bill!" he called as he drove his spurs into the sides of his mustang. "Come on!" he called, "can't you ride when you know the beasts're tearin' my girl to pieces?" They swept forward like the wind, yelling as they rode. Bob ahead fired a shot into the air to let the girl know they were flying to her rescue.

Ginger was on his feet in an instant, fighting and running, but he stumbled frequently, and Leonora knew that he could not hold out much longer. But he must—he must—now that help was so near. She patted his neck—putting her head down, as she spoke words of encouragement

to the animal that was making such a brave fight for her life as well as its own. The old wolf, snarling and snapping, was still urging the pack on to final victory, which she seemed to sense was near at hand. The smell of blood from Ginger's wounds aroused the savage appetites of the cubs. Ginger was wet with sweat of exhaustion, from running and dragging the body of the big wolf after him. Blood was dripping from a dozen wounds where the wolves had torn the flesh on his body and legs.

A young wolf leaping on Ginger's back, snapped at the girl, tearing a mouthful of clothing close to her skin. He lost his hold when the cloth gave way and slid to the ground, rolling on his back. Leonora gave a scream as the teeth grazed her flesh.

"Oh, daddy, hurry, hurry!"

She heard the answering yell of the rescuers—then came the loud bay of the ranch dogs.

"Come on, boys!" shouted Jim Leonard. "Come on!" he called. "They've caught her. Take 'em, Bruno—Take 'em, Bison—"

They were all in the fray at the same instant. Jim Leonard knocked a wolf from Ginger's haunches and shot him as he fell to the ground. Bob Buckner swung to the front and shot the wolf loose that was hanging to Ginger's throat. Bill Bender swung over the side of his horse so that his head almost touched the ground and shot the cub that was snapping at Ginger's side. The ranch dogs seized another and bore him down to the ground. Another wolf started to run, but he was too late. The three men sent a volley after him, bringing him down.

"Are you hurt, darling?" asked Jim Leonard as he lifted the exhausted girl from the saddle holding her close to him.

"No, daddy. But I want your gun to kill that old she-wolf that's tangled up in my lasso."

"Lasso!" exclaimed the men in chorus.

"You lassoed a she-wolf?" gasped her father in amazement. "You didn't know any better?"

"The lasso was all I had to save the cattle," explained Leonora. "I tried to get the mother but missed and caught a cub and that got the old one on my trail. Then I tried to lasso her and kill her but she jumped through the lasso and I only had her by the leg. The pack followed her."

"You're the champion of the wolf hunt," said her father.

"That she is, sir," agreed the boys.

"I was a-thinkin' about that hundred dollars," added Bill Bender.

"Sure," answered Jim Leonard, rejoiced at having his girl safe. "Who won the money?"

"Why, the girl did," answered both of the men. "She killed the first wolf."

"She shall have it," answered Jim Leonard. "An' you boys'll get an extra hundred apiece this month. I call this a mighty good day's work."



Once more the lasso spun through the air. But just as it reached the mother wolf, she leaped upward



Mrs. Low awarding the Golden Eaglet to Robbie McClendon of Thomasville and to Helen Ross of Macon, Georgia

I AM thinking of each of you today, as I send you my birthday message. May the year that lies before us all bring us further than ever before toward the realization of our Girl Scout ideals.

Your Editor has suggested that perhaps I might tell you what Girl Scouting means to me. I wish that I might. Yet I find that I cannot put into adequate words all that I feel Girl Scouting has meant to me. And I realize that each year it has changed and grown until I know that a decade from now, even a year from now, what I might say of it would seem like an echo of what has been instead of what is.

At our Boston Convention last May, our retiring president, Mrs. Herbert Hoover, said that Girl Scouting can be known only by living. And this is my feeling as I write to each of you, through our magazine.

Mrs. Hoover said that defining a Girl Scout is like putting a flower or a plant into an herbarium. The life, the perfume, the changing color and nodding personality escapes. So, today, instead of trying to tell you what Girl Scouting means to me, I should like each of us to ask herself, "Where is Girl Scouting leading us?"

Sir Robert Baden-Powell answered that question several

To You, Girl Scouts

*A birthday message from our Founder,
Juliette Low*

years ago when we were traveling to my place in Scotland. Sailing along the loveliest part of the Scotch coast, the Isles of Bute, he told me of a word used by the natives in Africa: *Ipesi*. This,

being interpreted, means "Whither?" He said that each letter might stand for one of the principles in Girl Scouting and that these basic principles will never change:

I for Inspiration
P for Possibilities
E for Example
S for Service
I for Ideals

If we can follow the suggestions of *Ipesi*, we shall know Girl Scouting through living, and we may make it so much a part of our everyday life that people will recognize the Girl Scout spirit and say, "Why, of course she is a Girl Scout."

And so to you, Girl Scouts, come my heartfelt best wishes for the days that are before us. As you gather in your troops to celebrate our Girl Scout Week in November, think of the girls around the world who are your sister Girl Scouts and Girl Guides. Truly, ours is a circle of friendships, united by our ideals.

Barry led Irving up
to the team as it
waited between
halves



Spirit

*A football story in which those on the
sidelines play an important part*

By EARL REED SILVERS

Illustrations by Ethel C. Taylor

IRVING CONRAD came to Cranford at the beginning of our senior year. He had dark curly hair, white teeth, and a pleasant smile. But he was so shy that when Barry Browning, trying to be nice, spoke to him on the way home from school, he blushed scarlet and turned away without answering.

"He looks like something of a boob to me," Andy Kirk said, after we had gathered on Barry's porch. "I tried to make him come out for football yesterday, but he wouldn't."

"Why?" Budd Smith asked.

"Says he hurt himself a year or so ago," Andy explained. "But it's a pretty lame excuse, I'll tell the world."

No one said anything for a moment. There were six of us: Andy Kirk, Budd Smith, Bill Woodruff, Mildred Hartmore, Barry, and myself. Budd sat on the top step of the porch, his elbows resting on his knees, his face troubled.

"It must be hard for a fellow like that," he said slowly. "Irving comes from New York, I understand, and he probably had a lot of friends there. But here in Cranford, he doesn't know any of us, and he's too shy even to speak to us when we say hello."

"He didn't have to come here," Mildred declared.

"And I don't suppose he expects us to accept him as one of the bunch," Andy added.

"Well," Budd answered, "we needn't take him in our crowd, of course, and we don't have to invite him to dinner every night. But at least we can be decent to him."

"Of course," Andy agreed. "But he's a boob, just the same."

"Why?" Budd asked mildly.

"Because he is," Andy answered.

Mildred, seeing a chance to make Andy angry, fastened her pale blue eyes on his. "You mean, I suppose," she said, "that he doesn't wear silk shirts and plus-four knickers?"

"Maybe I do," Andy told her gravely. And they glared

at each other until Budd Smith's homely face grew more troubled than ever and he shook his head doubtfully.

"It don't seem fair," he said.

"Well," Bill Woodruff broke in, "why should we be worrying about Irving Conrad?"

"Why?" Barry echoed. And because no one cared particularly, anyhow, we changed the subject to football and the prospects for a winning team.

"Our biggest games will be with Linden and Woodbridge," Andy explained. "If we can beat them, the rest of the schedule will be easy."

"Well," Barry said, "when does practice start?"

"Tomorrow."

"We'll drop around and watch you," we girls promised.

So on the next afternoon a crowd of us piled into Barry's roadster and drove over to the athletic field. There were a score or more boys out for the team, and about ten of them were regulars from last year.

"A good bunch," Barry said. "Barring accidents, we ought to win the County Championship."

"Unless," Mildred Hartmore put in, "Andy gets—er—temperamental, and spoils things."

"You worry too much about Andy," Barry told her.

"I wouldn't care if he never won a game," Mildred retorted. "It's the team I'm thinking of."

Barry looked over at me, and winked. Both of us knew that Mildred was talking chiefly to hear herself talk.

"There's Irving Conrad down by the goal posts," Dot Howard announced suddenly.

We looked in the direction indicated, and saw him standing by himself at one end of the field. Andy had said that he wouldn't come out for the team because of an old injury; but we could see, after a single glance, that he never could have made the varsity. For he was a little chap—almost a shrimp—with thin legs and shoulders that drooped noticeably.

"One rush, and he'd be out of the game for the season," Dot told us. "He couldn't even play fullback on a kindergarten team."

"Probably," Mildred added, "he won't even come out to watch the games."

But Mildred proved to be wrong. Irving not only attended the games and rooted with all the power of his husky voice for Cranford, but he attended practice with unflinching regularity, and did all that he possibly could to make the season a success.

Andy and the others—except Budd, who went out of his way to say "hello"—completely ignored him at first. But Irving, persisting in spite of their indifference, gradually worked his way into the scheme of things so that they began to depend upon him for certain definite tasks—the mean little jobs like carrying water and running errands, which the other fellows shirked.

He made no attempt to intrude upon the members of the team. But when they dressed in the school basement, he stood by the door regarding them wistfully.

"Luck's against us
and that's all there
is to it," Andy was
saying



"Like a little dog who wanted something but didn't quite know what", was the way Budd Smith described it.

When the team was ready to go out upon the field, Andy would hand an empty pail to Irving. "Water," he'd order brusquely. "And thanks!"

Irving would trot off to get the water and carry it to the sidelines; and after that, Andy would sometimes toss him a flat football and tell him to blow it up, or ask him to run downtown and get some lime, or have a headguard fixed, or a shoe mended.

But later, when the members of the team walked home together—for a block or two at least—Irving was never with them; and not a single fellow noticed his absence.

When, on the first Saturday in October, we played our initial game with Westfield, we rather expected to see Irving acting in the capacity of water boy. But he wasn't with the team, and after the game Andy exclaimed his absence.

"Said that he had to work on Saturday and earn money for his schooling, so when we offered him the job of lugging water, he couldn't do it."

On Monday, however, he reported at the field as usual, obeying Andy's slightest command without a moment's hesitation, doing all the mean little jobs with a smile on his face and not a word of complaint.

One afternoon in mid-season, when we passed him on the way home from school, Barry stopped him.

"How is the team coming along?" she asked.

His eyes lighted, and in his enthusiasm he forgot his shyness. "Fine!"

"You still go to practice, don't you, Irving?"

"Oh, yes!"

"Why?" Barry asked him.

"To help the team," he answered. "And—and to do something for the school."

Andy, when we told him what Irving had said, nodded indifferently. "Not half bad," he admitted, "for a boob."

Budd, who was standing beside Andy, looked over at us thoughtfully. "If every fellow in school did as much as Irving, which is his best," Budd said, "then we wouldn't need to hold mass meetings to get up enthusiasm and—

pep. We'd have so much already that we wouldn't know what to do with it."

"There's something in that," Barry agreed.

But Andy grinned disgustedly. "Sometimes you people make me sick. I'd rather have one good left end than a thousand water-boys like Irving Conrad."

That weak spot at end on the varsity team had begun to bother us. Bob Elliot, the regular from last year, had been hurt in practice and was out for the season, and there was no substitute to measure up to the job. Even North Amboy managed to score a touchdown against us, due to poor defensive work on end, and as we approached the Linden game, an important one on our schedule, there was a feeling among the players that our chances of defeat were more than even.

Ordinarily, that would have made the boys fight only the harder. But now Andy Kirk, captain and star half-back, had been seized with what Mildred chose to call a "fit of temperament." And instead of rallying his team to greater effort, he became moody and sulky and disheartened.

"What's the use of trying to do things when luck's against us?" he demanded. "We had a championship team all built up, and then Elliot goes and gets hurt."

Then he spread out his hands helplessly. "What's the use?" he groaned.

Barry and Tom Borden, the two Cranford cheer leaders, held a conference after that, and decided to call cheering practice every afternoon until the game. So on Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday we hiked up to the field and cheered for the team. The boys tried hard to respond to our encouragement. It helped a lot, Budd told us afterwards, but Andy's moodiness increased.

"It's fine, this cheering of yours," he told us. "But I've just got a hunch that we're in for a wallop."

"Nonsense!" Barry snapped, but we were all worried, for a team beaten before the game started could never hope to win at the end.

During the afternoons at the field, we could see Irving Conrad on the sidelines, standing beside his bucket of water, willing and eager to serve the team in every pos-

sible way. Somehow, during the past few weeks, he had made a place for himself on the squad; the members of the team no longer ignored him; they called him "Shrimp" and included him in their plans. Andy alone seemed to hold out against him.

"He may be a hard worker and all that, but . . ."

And Andy's "but" was more eloquent than words.

Nevertheless, he consented readily to Budd's suggestion that they take Irving along with them to Linden.

"It's only twelve miles away," Budd said, "and we can find room for him on one of the cars."

But when they gave the invitation to Irving, he shook his head sorrowfully. "I can't go," he announced.

"Why?" Andy wanted to know.

"I've got a job on Saturday," Irving explained quietly, "and we need the money I make at home."

But Andy refused to be satisfied. "I know Mr. Miller, who owns the store where you work," he said, "and I can get him to let you off tomorrow without any trouble at all."

"It wouldn't do any good," Irving answered, and looked fairly into Andy's narrowing eyes.

"Why?" Andy asked ominously.

"Less than two years ago," Irving told him speaking slowly and directly, "I was in an automobile wreck. I lay for two hours beneath an overturned car, with my arm crushed. And now . . . now I couldn't set foot in an automobile without half fainting from fright."

"Oh!" Andy said.

"It isn't that I'm a coward," Irving continued, "or that I don't want to go with you to Linden. But the only way to get there is by car, and . . . and I can't do it."

He spoke with such obvious sincerity that Andy nodded in quick understanding. Andy is an understanding person when he stops to think—and, besides, after his mother was in that automobile accident, it was three years before she could ride in a car without getting sick. So he reached out his hand and laid it upon Irving's thin shoulder.

"We'll miss you, old man," he said.

Budd told us afterwards that Irving's eyes filled with sudden tears, and his fists clenched at his sides.

"Thanks!" he stammered, and turned away. And the boys did not see anything of him again that day nor on Saturday morning.

Practically the entire school gathered on the steps of the building at two o'clock on Saturday afternoon, and after the team had started in closed cars, the rest of us piled into busses and other machines, and set out en masse for Linden. For even though Andy Kirk was enjoying one of his fits of temperament, we knew that he would fight his hardest to win. And we, for our part, had resolved to cheer as we never have cheered before.

There were a thousand or more people in the stands and along both sides of the field when the game started. Cranford, receiving the kickoff, marched down the field

in a series of short dashes and scored a touchdown in the first quarter. It was all so unexpected that we cheered ourselves hoarse; while Barry and Tom called loudly for another score, and the Linden rooters sat silent and depressed.

Then, when everything was bright and rosy, a Linden end picked up a fumble on his own twenty yard line and ran eighty yards for a touchdown. He kicked the goal, to make the score 7 to 7 as the first half ended.

There was no field house at Linden, so the Cranford team walked over to one corner of the field and sank down upon the hard ground, while the substitutes threw sweaters and blankets over them and a small crowd of rooters, mostly boys, stood around and watched them curiously.

Barry and I walked over to where they were resting and joined the group around them. "I told you fellows how it would be," Andy was saying when we arrived. "Luck's against us, and that's all there is to it."

Several of the other fellows nodded, but Budd Smith stuck out his square jaw and looked over at Andy with flashing eyes.

"Just because Linden made a lucky touchdown doesn't mean we're licked," he announced aggressively. There was a challenge in his voice, which Andy refused to accept.

"Luck's against us, that's all there is to it," Andy said.

"Where's our spirit?" Budd asked.

"Spirit can't win against luck," Andy answered.

Barry looked over at me and shook her head.

"Andy's licked," she whispered. "We've got to do something to wake him up, to get him out of his grouch."

"What can we do?"

"A cheer will help, maybe."

We turned to go back to the stands, and almost bumped into Irving Conrad hurrying down towards the team.

"Hello!" Barry gasped.

"Where did you come from?"

"From Cranford," Irving explained. "How is the game?"

"Seven to seven," Barry answered. "But the team's lost its spirit." She hesitated for a moment, then asked a question. "There weren't any trains out of Cranford this afternoon. How did you get here?"

"I rode."

"In an automobile?"

"Yes."

Barry's eyes opened wide and we all noticed for the first time how pale and drawn he was. But his eyes were steady.

"You rode—in a car—after all?"

"Yes," Irving said, then smiled with a hint of apology. "I—I wanted to be with the team, to see them

win. And I—well, I rode."

Barry was silent for a moment, her big eyes thoughtful. Then she took Irving by the arm and led him to where the football team was waiting. As we reached the edge of the circle, we could hear Andy speaking:

(Continued on page 44)

She Became a President's Wife

Dolly was full of fun. She loved pretty clothes. But she was brought up in a home where girls must be sedate and where pretty clothes were not to be thought of. Imagine how she must have felt when she became Mistress of the White House and known to all as Dolly Madison. Katherine Dunlap Cather's story, Dolly Gayheart, in our November issue will tell you the story of this fascinating girl's romance.



Safety ahead! But what was that faint sound I caught? The Indian war whoop!

Apaches on the Trail

*A true story of Indian days and of a girl who later
became the mother of two Girl Scouts*

Re-told by BERTHA CHAPMAN CADY

Illustrations by Leon D'Emo

THE sun had long lost itself in the gloomy pines of Black Mountain when Dick Thatcher clicked the latch of the little gate in the unpainted picket fence which alone separated our small holding from the seemingly boundless wilderness of rugged mountains beyond. He walked slowly for Dick, who, in spite of the slight drawl in his speech which marked him as one of the colony of Southerners struggling with the hardships among these desolate mountains, had caught the tingle of the snappy mountain air in his nerve-net.

"More news of the Apaches?" I asked as Dick's face told me at once there was something wrong. My blood ran cold at the mere sound of the words while my eyes sought the bold front of Baldy. Here the Indian signal fires had glowed through the last few nights.

"Yes, more news. Tonight Shorty came in from Eagle Gulch, his clothes torn from him. He barely got out through the old deserted shaft before the Indians were after him. He crawled under the scrub brush to the arroyo, reaching Scollard's, where they are putting up a great fight. His partner was tomahawked on the dump. Shorty took a few men and went back to find him, and when he saw Pete dead, it just sent Shorty off loony-like. The Apaches have cleaned up the whole outfit at Grey Wolf and have gone on toward Cedar Gap leaving men, women, and children slaughtered along their trail.

"The Westons and the little Petersons? Oh Dick! when will our turn come?"

"Great Day, girl! They won't dare come this close to town, and all the men folks are out on the trail tonight.

"Don't, Dick, we're too close to them," I begged. "I feel shivery every time we talk about them, fearing some old Buck might be right here ready to burn me under my own roof-tree."

"All this Indian talk is not what I came down for tonight," went on Dick, more calmly. "I have news for you. Bill Hook got in from Lake Valley and he brought this telegram along as the operator said it was important. The stage ain't making regular trips since the Indians got so bad. Bill joins the posse in the morning."

I caught the slip of yellow paper as Dick took it from his pocket, and read, "Seriously injured in wreck near Leadville, come at once." Over and over I read the words before they conveyed any meaning to me. It was as if a heavy charge of dynamite had suddenly exploded near me, leaving me stunned. My father, taking mother with him, had left for the smelters in Leadville, Colorado, a few days before, with a heavy shipment of ore from his mines farther up the canyon. And now came this pitiful call of distress, for he knew nothing of the Indians' sudden appearance in our midst. Blindly I folded the paper and sank on the crude bench beneath the elder tree.

I tried to rally my dulled senses to face the problem

before me. Here I was sixty miles from the railroad with no stage running and the dreaded Apache hordes ravaging the country. What could I, a girl, do?

"You sure ain't going, are you?" asked Dick.

The queer sound of his voice aroused me and the tears tried hard to escape. "I can't tell, Dick, I must wait till Uncle Joe comes down from the mine, tonight. But don't you worry about me, for you know I am always lucky and not afraid of anything."

"That's right, you're a trump and as full of grit as they make 'em, but don't you go and get mixed up with these Apaches. Wait till we have killed the whole bunch."

Hour after hour I stood watching the road to the mines and the menacing glow of the watch fires which glowed from Grizzly, only one mile from the village. A messenger brought us word about midnight that the entire force had been held to guard the mines, which meant that Uncle Joe would not be home that night. The Apaches had passed to the upper end of the valley and the town was apparently safe, as well as the neighboring families who had come to it for protection. Here then was I, with the housekeeper and the overseer, to face my problem and make my decision. All night the call from my father kept coming clear to me. My already overstrained nerves were quivering anew to the many unusual sounds about me. The hallooing of the gathering town-folk, the baying of the hounds, the beat of the hoofs of sturdy mustangs along the road, all this set me on fire. One moment I was as brave as a mountain girl should be, again I was so overcome with terror that I shook as with a chill. With my head buried in the blanket, all the Indian horrors of which I heard in the years of my mountain life came crowding vividly upon me until I became a part of that very madness.

In my calmer moments, I knew it was nothing for me to make the trip to the nearest village, twenty miles away. From there I could take the stage to the railroad station forty miles further down the valley. I knew, too, that the Lake Valley stage waited till nine o'clock before leaving so if I left by the lower road at five I could easily make it with my light-footed Terza.

My inflamed imagination made me sure I heard my father calling to me and I jumped from my bed and ran to the window to look out into the peaceful night. The air was filled with the spicy odors of pine and juniper while the great yellow primroses scattered over the meadow seemed like soft reflections of the glittering stars above. All was as quiet as only the nights far away among the mountains can be. The tumult of the earlier hours had passed. It seemed that I had been in a terrible nightmare and was but now awakening in the cool freshness of the mountains. The outer calm completely possessed me. The way was clear. I must go. Could I not prove myself as brave as my father would have me?

This determination strengthened me and I counted the hours till I should be on my way. Already I felt the easy motion of Terza, swinging along the level stretches



Here Indian fires had glowed

of the road; down the long hill to the big bridge, up the steep bank; past the mill and the leaning pine, on and on past "Frenchy's" garden and the Frasier's cottage; into the narrow gorge of the box canon, and out on the level mesa where all was safe. It seemed so easy as I stood there at the window in the silent night.

Before the gray dawn I slipped from my mountain home and ran to the stable for Terza. She greeted me as I swung the strong Mexican saddle across her back and tugged at

the cinches to be sure all was ready for a long hard ride. I looked well to my stubby little revolver, reloading the empty cartridges for I was wide awake to the dangers I might easily meet along this mountain road. With this, my last precaution, we were off.

Mile after mile sped behind us. I wondered how I could ever have been afraid. The Indian tales seemed as far from the enchanted land through which I traveled as fairy land and I was happy in preparing a little surprise for "Frenchy". I knew he would be in his garden early, among his beloved flowers. We turned the sharp bend in the road and I looked for the garden. Terza shied from the road and I gazed as in a dream. Only charred ruins lay before me. The rim of Frenchy's hat caught my eye as it crushed the delicate poppies he had worked among till the last. The vines, torn and trodden told of the tragedy of the struggle more eloquently than words. The battle over, he still slept among his flowers.

Nothing seemed alive about the cabin or the garden and we fled in terror. The sound of Terza's flying hoofs rang so loudly on the road that I turned her into the grass. Every sound but added to my fear. An enemy seemed lurking behind each yucca which pierced the rocky wastes on every side.

A mile brought us in sight of the Frasier cottage and as I saw it was still standing with a few of Rita's faded calico aprons fluttering from the clothes line my courage rose; I urged Terza to greater speed. She shied again when we rounded a big boulder at the side of the road and I gazed into the eyes of a big Indian. His high cheek bones pricked the taught drawn skin of his coppery face. His eyes made me shudder and draw back, for I did not at first realize that he was dead. Even as he lay half crouching against the rock I feared that he was feigning death for my undoing. I knew then that the struggle had reached my friends and anxiety for them drove me forward. The garden was unchanged and I caught a glimpse of some one under the old cottonwood. I called aloud and ran through the yard. God pity me! Bound beneath their own loved tree I found the dead mother. Still peace had not been hers even at the end for every muscle strained forward in a fierce effort to follow where her terror-stricken eyes yet gazed. Instinctively I turned and saw a crumpled heap of faded calico. Rita's golden curls lay upon the jagged edge of rock, one wee brown hand still stretched out toward her mother. In an anguish of misery, I crept again to Terza.

Numb and wholly without the power to think or act,

I clung to Terza's neck and left to her our future. Her feet struck fire from the flint-ribbed road and the ring of her hoofs drowned all other sounds. I only knew we were flying forward away from the ghastly nightmare behind us—on, on into a vast unknown. I lived ages in the miles which followed. We entered the narrow canyon and its towering walls of sheer rock seemed to waver and totter as if to engulf us. I tried to cry out but only buried my face deeper in Terza's thick mane. I was mad with the fever in my blood yet I heard the crested jays call across the abysses and saw the eagle rise from her nest among the loftiest cliffs far above us. I saw the walls of the canyon sinking lower before us and knew safety lay just beyond.

Safety ahead! But what was that faint sound I caught? A murmur, swelling into a fierce, wild cry which set mad echoes ringing from the hollow throat of the canyon. The Indian war whoop! At once the veil was swept from my senses. Terza knew the sound and plunged from the path with a great heart sob, an echo of my own agony. The old Apache trail over which the Indians followed the buffalo into their summer feeding grounds entered the road just ahead. This narrow canyon offered the only passage through the mountains, and here alike must friend and enemy pass. The Indians were approaching me by this trail. There was no escape.

It became a desperate race to see which of us might first pass the point at which the trail joined the main road. Terza seemed to know this and weary as she was her whole body settled low for a final plunge. Again the war whoop and a gasp from my parched lips, for that dreadful sound was near, very near. Only a moment more and we would be passing the trail. My eyes strained to the break in the undergrowth for above me which marked the trail's entrance at the upper edge of the cliff. The sun seemed so bright it stung my eyes as I searched the opening. Should we win at last? Another whoop, and the feathered head of the chief appeared in the opening above the crest. Instantly I swung Terza out of the road and tried to find a hiding place among the willows by the dry stream bed. On they came, one following another, silent and stolid as images of bronze. I heard the heavy breathing of their horses and the monotonous chink, chink of their bridle chains. All this I felt rather than saw. I waited for them to catch Terza's trail where we had left the road. It was but an instant, then came a pause broken by guttural mutterings.

I gripped my pistol fiercely, knowing all too well how useless it was in the unequal struggle before me, yet we had been taught to kill ourselves rather than be taken by the Apaches. Again the war whoop echoed from the walls of the canyon. An answering cry from the trail and the thud of other hurrying hoofs. Terza tugged at her bit and I loosened my grasp on her rein and slipped to the ground. Away she plunged in a wild flight for life and I dropped down, creeping under a ledge of rocks where a fox had hollowed out a shallow crevice. Crawling in as far as I could I felt a great weariness sweep over me. The touch of the soft earth, the odor of tender growing things

made me a child again. I heard the Clark's Crows chatter in the pines and heard the eagle scream above the rocks. I heard the near approaching feet of the Apache Chief and waited, with the shadow of unconsciousness closing in upon me, as I saw him stoop above me and stretch out his long brown hand to grasp and pull me forth.

I knew no more until it seemed I must have been dead for ages and then come to life again. It was a strange experience. Being convinced I had been dead I knew I must be wakening in heaven, yet there were only men about me, no flowing white robes and golden hair which I had always associated with angels. These men were all in army uniforms and looked very hot and dusty from long riding.

What could it mean? One man, the officer as I guessed by his dress, was bending over me and saying things I did not understand at first. But gradually my mind cleared as he went on saying over and over in a most comforting way something about militia, United States troops and Indian Scouts.

Friends! I was then really among friends! Looking through cleared eyes I found myself in the arms of our very good friend, Major-Gen. George Crook, who knew me well, as many a time he had been a guest in our home. When I had finished my story, I was put under the care of a young officer who took me to the train and looked after Terza's safe return to her own stall.

A word from the Editor: Perhaps many of you have heard Mrs. Cady tell this story when she has visited your camp. For it is her own story. Mrs. Cady's two daughters are now Girl Scouts. Both Carol and Jean Cady wrote splendid stories for our Pioneer Contest and we are proud to have in THE AMERICAN GIRL this one written by Mrs. Cady, herself, who is, as you know, our Girl Scout Naturalist.

Lost in a Cave!

Imagine a girl with her brother in a strange part of the country. Imagine an Indian boy trying to find the source of a lost river. Imagine the girl impulsively boarding a raft and disappearing in a cave when she decides to help the Indian boy solve his mystery. And you have *The Lost River* by Alida Sims Malkus—In November.





The stairs burst into flickering flames behind her

For Synopsis See Page 34

VI

PENNY and Miss Lorimer were the first to see the fire. A boy who joined them, running, they sent back to turn in an alarm. As she raced across the lawn Penny tore off her neckerchief, sopped it in the bird-bath that stood in the garden, and tied it over her nose and mouth. Then she dashed in through the open front door, slamming it behind her almost on Miss Lorimer, who was following with no thought but for May. Crawling and choking they fought their way upstairs. Flames were already curling in through the banisters. At the head of the stairs lay Lisbeth, overcome by the smothering smoke that filled the house, and sprawling beside her—sobbing and coughing—was May. Miss Lorimer had the baby in her arms and was off and away down the charring stairs like a flash. But then Penny's eyes were all for a small helpless figure in a woody brown frock. With one swift swing and twist she had Lisbeth on her shoulder, and fled quickly down the smouldering stairway. Just as she reached the bottom it burst into flicking flames behind her. And as she plunged, stifled, into the cool outdoor air, the village fire-engine came clanging and puffing in at the gate and across the lawn.

By the time the firemen conquered the blaze, there was not much left of Penny's little house. Very few things were saved. Through the yawning wall could be seen the seat of the mischief—where the door of the gas-heater

Lucky Penny

And so the mystery is solved and unexpected happiness awaits our Girl Scout friend, Penny

By EDITH BALLINGER PRICE

Illustrations by the author

had swung open and the kitchen curtains had blown against the blaze. Penny sat with Lisbeth's head on her lap, watching dumbly. Again she could not believe that this had happened to her.

Lisbeth came to with the realization that Penny was holding her, and that a great bunch of heliotrope grew nearby, with rich purple flowers almost brushing her face. She put out her hand, surprised, to touch them, and then Penny bent and kissed her.

"Good Brownie," she whispered queerly.

"What happened?" Lisbeth said rather unsteadily,—then, as the acrid smoke reached her across the heliotrope perfume—"Oh, I remember . . . I don't want to remember."

Penny didn't want her to talk about it then, but she had to.

"The smoke came rolling in. Oh, the floor where I was sitting got all hot! I knew there must be a fire downstairs. I didn't know how to make May come, was the trouble."

"How did you, my Brownie?"

"Oh, I crawled, and she thought it was a game. She laughed and came crawling along too, just like me. I don't know what happened when we got to the stairs. I meant to try to come down."

Penny knew what had happened. She also knew that the room from which Lisbeth had rolled the baby was in flames by the time she herself reached the stairhead. She held Lisbeth close, and all she dared say was, again:

"Good Brownie!"

Beside the garden bed sat Miss Lorimer, rocking a smoke-smudged May in her arms. Penny looked at them and tried to remember something queer that Miss Lorimer had said in those awful moments—or were they hours—when they were running to the fire. For the life of her she couldn't remember it.

Oddly enough, it was Lisbeth's bare little house that took them in. Lisbeth's mother left her typewriter, flew to make such beds as she could muster, purchased honey for lunch, and fresh rolls and canned tongue. Quite lost her head in fact. Lisbeth suddenly meant all the world to her—but it had taken the burning of Penny's house to do it.

Suddenly, in the middle of the night, Penny remembered. She could not wait an instant to verify it. She slipped across to Miss Lorimer's bed and whispered:

"Are you awake?"

"Wide awake," came the low answer.

"I've just remembered. As we were running, there, you said May was *your* baby, *your own*. Didn't you?"

"I wondered if you'd forgotten." Miss Lorimer hesitated. Then she sat up in bed and took Penny's hand. "It's true. She *is* mine. But Helen Lorimer was my maiden name,—I gave it, here, because it was on my war record; besides, there were other reasons. But now—if

they're going to take May to that asylum, I'll have to tell you. I'm Mrs. Alice Stickney."

"Stickney?" Penny gasped. "Stickney!"

"Yes," the woman went on, talking very fast and low. "Did you ever head of Alec Stickney? Perhaps not. He was Miss Stickney's favorite—in fact, only—nephew; her only relative. He was her favorite until he married me. He met me during the war; I nursed him in France. She would never see me,—I can't imagine why she disapproved so strongly."

She stopped and looked anxiously at Penny through the gloom. Penny knelt by the bed.

"Go on," her voice and eyes urged.

"Dear Alec never quite recovered from his wounds. He died when May was only a month old. We'd never had much money,—then I hadn't any. Not a cent. I wasn't well at all, and everything was so desperate. I went on, somehow, till this spring, with day nurseries and such,—but oh, actually I would have had to let May be an institution child for I couldn't keep her any longer. So I came here and left her. I didn't dare to let Miss Stickney know who she was, for I knew she'd never keep her. But I did hope—oh, I hoped she'd be reared in that beautiful place that Alec had loved, and then some day when she had grown dear to Miss Stickney I could have told who she was. So I left her—there in the dark."

"In that empty house," Penny shivered.

"Can you know what I felt when I came back a month later—for I couldn't bear it, not knowing—and found that Miss Stickney had been for months in her grave, and that the great dreadful house had been deserted when I left my May-baby in it? I think I nearly went mad."

They were quiet for a moment, their hands pressed tightly together.

"Then I saw you—wheeling my own darling, fat and happy, in that absurd red, white, and blue perambulator . . . Oh, Penny!"

"And you were a face at the window one night?"

"I'm afraid I was. I kept trying to see her . . ." Miss Lorimer—Mrs. Stickney, rather—bent her head. "I was almost crazy, you see."

"Poor darling," whispered Penny. Then suddenly she leaped to her feet and almost cried out. "But then—the house, and all the dear, wonderful, Eastern things, and the money—if there is any—it all belongs to you and May-blossom!"

"But I don't dare to tell them," Mrs. Stickney whispered, trembling. "I would have, long ago, when they began talking about sending May to asylums, if I'd dared."

"Why not?" Penny sat back on her heels and asked.

"Isn't one put in jail for abandoning a baby?" May's mother asked. "That's why."

"Horrors," Penny said. "Never thought of that. Oh, but surely—this is such a queer case! And I know Mr. Nelson. He'll fix it for us. When they hear it all, I know they'll be so glad to find an heir for all those poor, beautiful things, they won't mind." She pondered deeply for a few minutes, and then burst out suddenly: "Anyway, you didn't

abandon the baby, you just left her to visit her great-aunt!"

Mrs. Stickney kissed her, laughing, and they parted. Neither, it may be guessed, slept much more that night. And in the first pale light of morning, Penny leaped out across May's makeshift crib, and traced in the coppery-amber curls and delicate brow more than a faint likeness to her mother's chestnut hair and clear features, and wondered that she had not noticed it before.

Absurd as it may seem, Mr. Nelson used Penny's idea, and built his case on a technical statement that the child had been left to visit its great-aunt. Miss Lorimer's war-record, her marriage certificate, and May's birth certificate, all played their part,—and in due time that small person was named as sole heir to Stickney Manor and all therein—not to speak of the Stickney fortune, which proved to be considerable.

The heiress comported herself very calmly under all this. She ate, slept, talked, and toddled, quite unperturbed. May Danforth Stickney! She didn't even mind being called by the whole of her imposing name, which had gone idle for the better half of a year. Of course she had recognized her mother the first instant that lady appeared to nurse Granny Stafford—but nobody except she and Mrs. Stickney had known that!

If some people's problems were astonishingly settled, Penny didn't consider that hers were. Now she hadn't even a roof overhead. She began to gird herself for a fight that was even harder than she had anticipated. She gathered together the least charred of the old-fashioned furniture—most of it had been destroyed—and sold it to a second-hand dealer for the notable sum of \$42.00. The second-hand dealer put it outside his Antique Shoppe, told motor tourists that it had been scorched when the Hessians had set fire to the houses during the Revolution, and sold it for \$384.00. Penny remained happily unaware of this. She was not packing, for she had nothing to pack. She was, however, thinking of leaving the village very soon. But Helen Stickney had other ideas.

"See here," she said, "listen to sense, you proud creature. You saved this situation entirely. Not only May—but the family fortunes, my sanity, and everything else. You're too young to be dreaming of that normal school. Why, they don't admit Pennies,—only big Dimes and Quarters. The Queen of the May hereby commands you to help her inhabit Stickney Manor at least until you're old enough to be let loose among those wild kindergartners. We shall see."

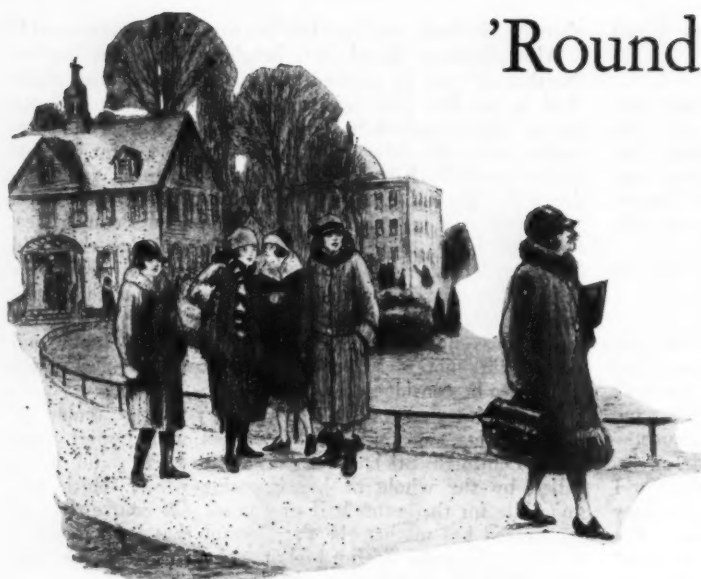
At this point May, who had evidently been coached, and finally prodded, staggered up, flung her arms around Penny's knees and shouted one plaintive and heart-rending monosyllable: "Tum!"

That was too much for Penny. So it happened that they all moved into the great silent house on the hill together.

It was a golden day in October. Sun warmed the mellow stubble fields, and blue mist held the hollows. Already, from the sighing elms, yellow leaves had begun to drift. They carpeted the flagged walk which led
(Continued on page 34)



That was too much for Penny



It seemed to Beanie that Rose's defiant air fell away as she left the school grounds

'Round about the Busqueek

*In which a Girl Scout troop
faces a most difficult problem*

By CAMILLE DAVIED

Illustrations by Henry J. Peck

"Surrender?"

"Yes."

"Tell me what's in your letter?"

"Yes—cross my heart."

"When's Molly coming?" Jim wanted to know as they came back to the fire.

"I'll say you are a Sherlock Holmes."

"Well, one acquires some powers of deduction from successfully solving the cross word puzzles," said Jim recalling his position as a son of Princeton; and then as Beanie

showed signs of impudently resuming battle, "But you gave me your word."

"If I hadn't, I wouldn't tell you," she said severely. "You're insufferable. Mollie is coming to go to school at Mills' beginning next semester."

"A lot of good that'll do us. The only time she'll get out of that institution will be to do the lock-step around the circle with the rest of 'the young ladies'."

"James Evans MacNeal du Peyster, you've gone far enough. Miss Mills' is a corking school. I go there. And besides, Mollie is going to spend every week end we ask her to with us. Her mother has written Miss Mills to say so. Not that that'll make any difference to you," she went on. "Of course, you'll never get away from that institution of yours to come home."

Mollie's coming was only one of the changes that the new school semester brought to Beanie. Cecelia Kinnon, Patrol Leader of the senior patrol in the Girl Scout troop, graduated in January, and Beanie was elected in her place. She had been Beanie's best friend in school, and Beanie had been heart-broken at the thought of losing her. But Mollie easily took her place, and she soon found herself giving to Mollie a devotion she hadn't thought possible in their summer together in camp.

Perhaps it was because Mollie was so pretty in her winter clothes. Mollie wasn't the sort of a girl who looked well in camp clothes; she was skinny. But her delicate face against the dark fur of her winter coat was charming, and chubby Beanie found her the most beautiful person in the world. She liked, too, Mollie's aristocratic tastes and her fastidious ways. It was Mollie who couldn't stand the white middies and bright green ties that her class wore to gym, and who set new precedent in the school by having the team appear at the last game of the season in cream colored blouses with gray green ties.

"But green and white are the school colors," the basketball coach had expostulated.

"They're unesthetic," Mollie had responded, and the school colors were changed.

Beanie found her own taste in colors becoming modified. The gay silk scarf that she wore under her coat gave way to one of soft blues and purples that Mollie favored as being more subtle.

WHAT'S a ten letter word expressing joyous surprise?"

No answer.

"What's a six letter word denoting a carrier of important news?" Beanie punctuated this question with a cold, excited finger on the back of Jim's neck. Jim looked around patiently.

"I should think a man might have a peaceful Sunday afternoon, anyhow," he said with exaggerated politeness gathering up the cross word section of the Sunday paper. "I'm busy, Patricia. I hope you'll excuse me"

"But, I say, has there been a mail today?" This in sudden interest at the sight of the letter in Beanie's hand.

But Beanie became as formal as he. "Only a special delivery, Jim dear," sweetly. "I suppose it wouldn't interest you. I'm terribly sorry to have interrupted." And she sat on the other side of the fire-place to read her letter. She turned the pages slowly, reading intently. Jim sat back in his chair and waited.

"Well, who's it from?" he said after a while.

No answer.

And then from behind the letter, "Jim dear, can you think of a five-letter synonym for Mary?"

The answer was a sofa pillow that Beanie neatly dodged, followed by a flying tackle that was to make gridiron history when Jim was a senior. Just now, with no thought of prestige, it was directed by the erstwhile punctilious freshman toward his inconsequential "prep" school sister.

Beanie dodged again and war was on. She put the library table between them, and as they tacked back and forth she got the letter crumpled up in a tight ball in her hand. Then she raced for the staircase. But Jim was there before her. So she made for the breakfast room with Jim hot on her heels. They reached the outside door together with such force that it burst open and before she knew it she had slid across the icy porch plump into the snow drift at the side of it.

"Time out," she gasped as Jim came sliding after her.

"Time out nothing. Fortunes of war," he panted un gallantly, gathering up a handful of snow. "Surrender or get your face washed."

"Never!" But Jim was too much for her, and she was soon squealing for mercy.

If she had not been so conscientious about her duties as Patrol Leader, she might have given herself up completely to Mollie. But that wouldn't have been very good group spirit, she reminded herself, and then it wasn't fair for her to keep Mollie all to herself just because she had known her before.

So it was only after school when they strolled off together "round about the Busqueek," as Beanie put it, that they had each other alone. The "Busqueek" was an old joke. When, as a little girl, her nurse dressed up to go out for an afternoon "off," and Beanie had teased, "Where you goin', Lindy?" the answer had always been, "Naow, doan you ask me, chile. I'se gwine 'round about the Busqueek."

Just what the Busqueek was Beanie never knew, but it was certainly something mysterious and delightful. For Beanie and Mollie it was nothing more than the circle of cement walk on the school commons between the dormitory and the main building. Every morning the "young ladies" who boarded at Miss Mills' school went around the circle three times before going to classes. Beanie had rejoiced in being a day pupil and excused from this exercise until Mollie's coming. Now she usually ran over in time to slip her arm around Mollie's waist to make the rounds with her. And in the afternoons when it was quite deserted they strolled around together eating an after school apple, and talking about all the things that must be talked about when you are fifteen, and the afternoon sun is making long shadows of the bare trees across the winter lawn. They always stopped at the place where the walk crossed a little bridge over a creek, and sometimes they stayed so long there that Beanie would have to run home in a hurry, and Mollie would have to race back for before dinner study hour.

Mollie had not been the only new junior at Miss Mills' to come for the second term. The other girl was Rose Stoll, whom Mrs. Stoll called "my daughter." Mrs. Stoll was an energetic old lady who lived in a great house not far from the school, and who managed the women's clubs and most other activities of the town. Rose was a distant relative whose parents were dead, and whom Mrs. Stoll had adopted, the girls were told.

The first week of the term Beanie had been so occupied by Mollie's coming and her own new duties as Patrol Leader that she hadn't paid much attention to the other newcomer. But Rose was not the sort of girl to be ignored for long. She was a thin, quick little person, with a shrill voice, who always knew her lessons better than any one else. She stopped Beanie one day in the hall with, "Say, you're the senior Patrol Leader, aren't you? I'm a Girl Scout, too."

And in a breath the new girl told her about all the Merit Badges she had, how far she could hike, how long she could stay under water, ending with, "I'd like to join your patrol."

"But our patrol is full, isn't it, Beanie?" said Mollie, who had just come up.

"Why, yes, there are eight of us," Beanie faltered.

"Oh, I don't care," Rose laughed in her high voice. "I'd just as soon be a Lone Scout anyhow. Or join the Junior Patrol—either way." And she flounced off.

Beanie and Mollie walked over to the gym slowly. You didn't talk about your Merit Badges, that was all.

"My ears still hurt from her voice," Mollie

said after a while, as she tied her gym sneakers. "Oh, Mollie, what will the other girls say about having her in," Beanie wondered.

But she admired this outsider, too. Rose went at things with such vigor. She would certainly have made the basketball team if she had been at school the first term. It was only her shrill voice and unpleasant accent that kept her from a part in the dramatic society. "If only she weren't so cocksure," thought Beanie as Rose rattled off the whole of *Il Penseroso* in English "Lit" one day. But there were queer gaps in what she knew—books and things the other girls took for granted Rose had never heard of. There was *Nicholas Nickleby* whom she thought a member of Congress. But the next day she said she had read the book.

"How could you read a long book like that in one evening?" Miss Spence asked.

"I stayed up all night," Rose answered. "But I must say I didn't think it was very ree-fined."

The class giggled and Beanie wriggled with mortification for Rose. But Rose was not disconcerted. She was, if anything, more brazen. And more neglected. "They needn't snub her so," Beanie thought wrathfully, although Rose irritated her, too. And when she took pains to be nice, Rose followed her everywhere, so that she had no privacy whatever.

Then Miss Adams, the Captain, who was also the youngest and prettiest "Lit" teacher, learned that Rose was a Girl Scout. She came, her eyes shining with excitement, to tell Beanie.

"Yes-es, I know it," Beanie answered evasively. "But we haven't done anything about it. Our next meeting isn't until Tuesday a week." And then, impulsively, "But we don't *have* to take her in, do we?"

"Well, it's hardly a question of taking her in. She's a Girl Scout and she *is* in."

The situation dragged on for several days. Whenever two Girl Scouts met, they were certain to discuss Rose, whose unpopularity spread through the school like a new fad in sweaters. Her clothes, her voice, the way she carried her school books were offensive. If her handkerchiefs were of colored linen, Denise was sure to observe that white was in better taste.

Beanie spent a miserable time of it. The continual snubbing of Rose was getting on her nerves—even though she had to laugh with the rest when Mollie parodied Rose's rendition of the funeral oration in *Julius Caesar*.

But it came to a head sooner than she had expected.



Mollie brought Rose in to the troop meeting

The troop had gathered in a corner of the gym after school to talk over a Saturday picnic. Beanie stood looking out of the window while the other girls dressed, calling goodbye to the little groups who were going down the drive—the boarding school girls with their arms around each other's waists off for a country walk, the day pupils going home in twos and threes—and Rose Stoll swaggering off alone with a heavy brief case of school books, and it seemed to Beanie that her defiant air fell away as she left the school grounds, and that she walked tiredly down the street.

Behind in the room Peggy Scudder was asking, "What are we going to do about Rose Stoll? Miss Adams says we have to take her in."

"Oh, my esthetic soul!" said Mollie.

"Well, I for one resign when Rose comes in," Denise announced emphatically.

"Of course, we're not going to have her. She isn't our sort," and Mollie settled the question for herself.

"Did you hear what she said in 'Lab' today?" started a long story from Eleanor.

Beanie turned suddenly around. She couldn't stand another word. She remembered a story she had read somewhere about a flock of white birds that pecked a black one to death just because it was black. Somehow all these girls reminded her of those white birds.

"Well, I can't see what you've got to be so superior about," she broke in hotly. "What do you mean that she's not our sort? She's just as good a sport as we are, and she's forgotten more than we'll ever know. She hasn't had all the advantages we've had, if that's what you mean, but she's getting them as fast as she can. I think you're a bunch of snobs."

"It isn't being snobs, either," Mollie said. "That's the stupid thing anybody'd say. There's a lot more to it than that. We have a lot of things in common. We've read the same books and our fathers have gone to the same colleges; and we look at things the same way, and think the same things are amusing and beautiful."

"And we don't like her," said Denise. "Why should we take her in?"

"But we can't always think just about ourselves," Beanie answered. "We've got to be a little unselfish sometimes."

"But that's not being unselfish," said Mollie. "That's the worst kind of selfishness there is. You're just feeling sorry for Rose, and you're getting a thrill out of the idea of reforming her. Besides, just because you enjoy being a Pollyanna is no reason why you should insist on our being one, too."

"Well, this squabble isn't getting us anywhere—and it isn't very esthetic, either," this to Mollie; and then more soberly, "But all this hasn't anything to do with the real question. We haven't anything to do about taking Rose in. She's a Girl Scout and she is in. There are only two things we can do. We can go along with her, or we can stop being Girl Scouts."

—Not be a Girl Scout. This was a new thought.

"Why, Beanie, you must be crazy. Do you mean to say that Rose Stoll could turn us out?"

"No, I didn't say that. But if we don't want to play the Girl Scout game, we don't have to stay in. We could have a club or something to ourselves, I suppose. But if we do stay in, we've got to accept other Girl Scouts."

There were a few minutes of silence, as Beanie put on her coat and gathered up her books. Everybody was thinking of the alternative—not be Girl Scouts. Why it was unthinkable—like giving up your own family, or turning traitor.

"We'll have the meeting next Tuesday," Beanie said stiffly with her hand on the door, "and by that time we can decide what we'll do, whether we'll be Girl Scouts or Pollyannas or what. But quit picking on Rose. I can't stand a bit more of it."

She was in tears of rage by the time she reached her own gate. Then the ludicrousness of the situation struck her. "Now why I should quarrel with my best friend over a girl that I dislike, is more than I can tell you," she said to herself as she dabbed at her eyes. And she sat down on the lowest porch step to compose herself before going into the house. She sat there so long that her father coming home to dinner found her still there.

"Well, chicken, are you trying to catch a cold out here," he said as he sat down beside her to watch the bare trees grow dark against the chill spring twilight, "Or were you just thinking?"

"You know, Father, life is very difficult," she confided. "It hasn't any rules. It would be much simpler if it were like basketball. There you know just what to do. Part of the time you go right after the ball, and you don't overguard, and you know when to be generous and when to play hard. But life has so many other things mixed in. Did you ever read the *Elsie Books*, Father, when you were little?"

"Um-m, Elsie was the pious young lady who reformed her father, wasn't she? Look here, Beanie, you aren't planning to take me in hand?"

"No. But you see Elsie wasn't really a pious and generous person at all. She was really a very selfish person who wanted to make every one do as she wished. Only she never knew it, and it was all right. If she had been alive now, she would have known that she was just—"

"Gratifying her own ego?"

"Yes. And knowing about it mixes things up."

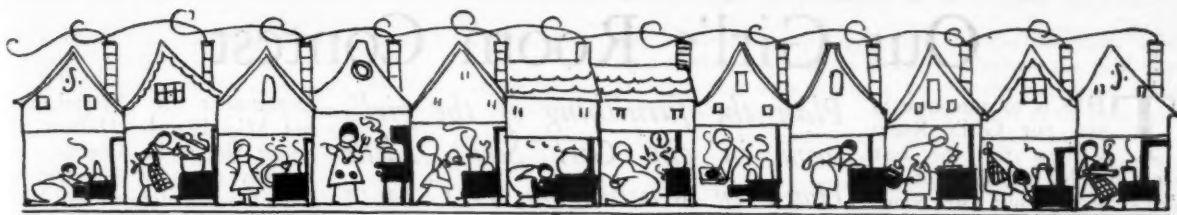
The whole affair was a stupid mix-up, take it any way you would. Mollie and Denise were partly right. She could without the least trouble imagine herself in the role of fairy godmother to Rose—making a lady of her, winning Rose's undying gratitude. . . .

That was being a snob just as much as keeping her out would have been. And people did get along better with their own kind. But

(Continued on page 36)



"What's a six letter word denoting a carrier of important news?"



Celebrating Girl Scout Week

Yes, Girl Scout Week comes again November seventh to November fourteenth. On one day, every Girl Scout in your town will cook dinner for her mother—see the enchanting row of kitchens above! Girl Scout Sunday, tree planting, window exhibits—this is the way we celebrate



Act as the ushers on Girl Scout Sunday, as the choir—invite your minister to have a Girl Scout service



Everywhere newspapers will have Girl Scout news, stories, and pictures. Ask your local editor to conduct a contest for the best letter on, "Why I am a Girl Scout"



Planting a Tree of Remembrance will be a most important part of this year's Girl Scout Week for every troop



You will need plenty of interesting posters so why not start now with a poster contest? This girl is making hers!

Make your window exhibits fit each store—a homemaking window where household furnishings are sold; outdoor cooking or sports with sporting goods sold within; gardening at the hardware man's; child care with infants' wear. Every merchant will say, "Yes"



Our Girl's Room Contest

THIS is to announce to you our Girl's Room Contest for the best ideas for the furnishing of the girl's room in our Girl Scout Little House in Washington. You have heard about the Little House, how it belongs to us all, and how it is visited by every one interested in the Girl Scouts who goes to Washington, and by many others, too.

It is in connection with the girl's room in the Little House that Mrs. Herbert Hoover has herself suggested this contest. There is in that room, today, some furniture. But it lacks all the personal touches and most of the little articles which make a girl's room attractive. This contest is to be for plans which will make the room girl-like. This room is practically the girl's only private bit of the Little House, so that you will want to plan it for work-room or sitting-room or treasure house as well as the bedroom. This is a troop contest, each troop entering to submit plans for refurnishing it. You may consider that there are fifty dollars to spend on it, no more. But you may consider yourself as doing as much handiwork for it as ever you like, even with occasional assistance from Mother or other kindly disposed friends. Best of all, the room itself will actually be furnished according to your troop's suggestions, if you win the contest. And a card will hang, framed, in the girl's room, telling all future visitors that your troop made the plans for the furnishing of the room.

All plans must be mailed by December 1st, 1925, to the Girl's Room Contest, in care of THE AMERICAN GIRL, 670 Lexington Avenue, New York City. The Committee of Judges is Mrs. Herbert Hoover, Chairman; Mrs. Gertrude Bowman, Director of the Little House; Miss Rowena Schmidt, Assistant to the Chief in the Bureau of Home Economics, U. S.

Plan the furnishing of the girl's room in our Girl Scout Little House in Washington, D. C., win the competition, and the room will actually be furnished according to your troop's suggestions, with your troop's name framed for all visitors to see. The contest closes

December 1, 1925

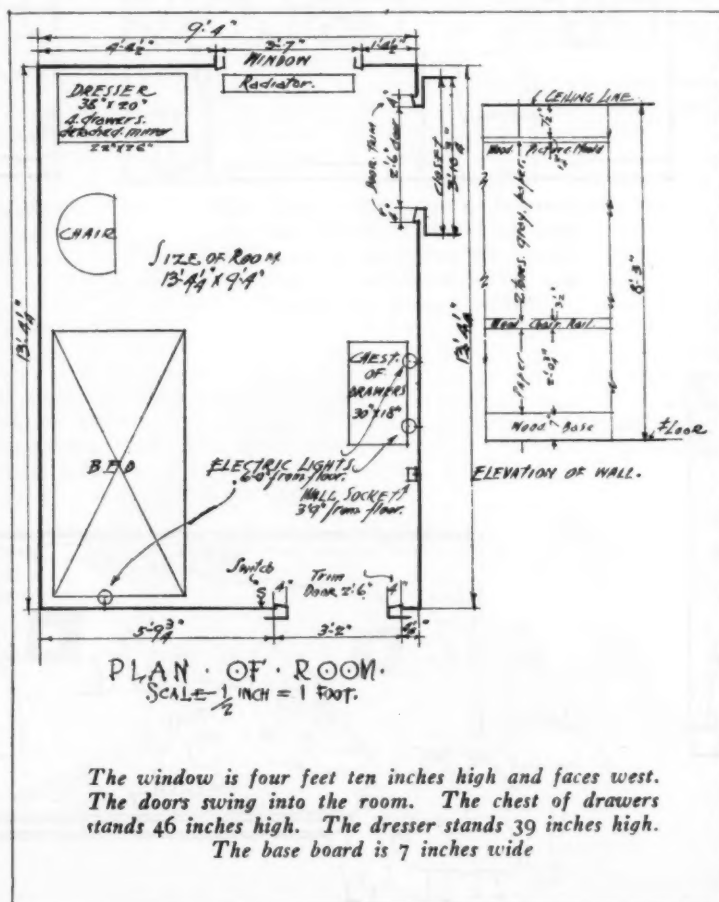
Department of Agriculture; and Miss Blanche Halbert of Better Homes in America.

Study carefully the sketches given here for dimensions. Also read thoroughly the following suggestions written for you by Gertrude M. Barnes of THE AMERICAN GIRL staff. Note the photographs opposite, which will give you an idea of the furniture already in the room and which will remain there. In other words, for your plans you are to take the room as it is decorated and furnished today, adding to it with the fifty dollars.

Making your plans for the room

Close your eyes and imagine before you the prettiest girl's bedroom your imagination can create. Take plenty of time to consider the general plan, the color scheme, placing the furniture, and so on to the smallest detail. You may see at one end, for instance, a low bed of white enamel. On it may be an immaculate white spread, or else one that strikes a dominating note of color in the room, and so creates more the atmosphere of a college room, where girls gather for fudge or cocoa, than that strictly speaking of a bed-room.

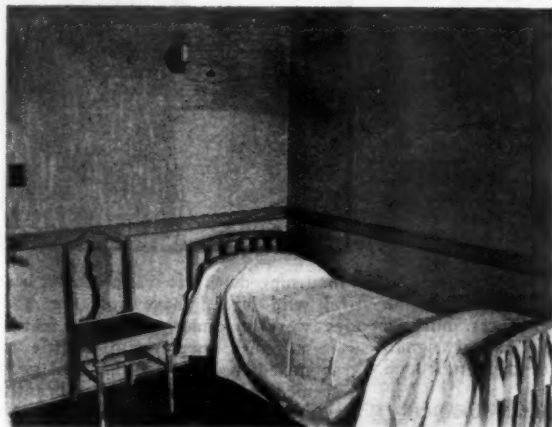
Perhaps you see beside the bed the smallest of tables, where a girl may lay her watch at night and on which—but all such things are part of your particular vision of such a room. After you have thought over and pictured many things, such as curtains, the arrangement of articles on tables and the dresser, pictures, and so on, open your eyes again and study carefully the photographs of the girl's room as it exists today in the Little House at Washington. They will show you how the furniture looks that is in the girl's room—and that is to remain there,—but which of course you may rearrange as you wish. Your part in making plans for the room is to use the furniture and color scheme of the walls



and mouldings, as they are today, *adding to them with your fifty dollars.*

The sketches give you the exact dimensions of the room, showing you where are the door, the window, the electric sockets, and so on. You will also see, by careful study, just how the walls look, with color indicated and placing of the moulding, etc.

Your troop now has before it the very frequent problem of how to transform a room through adapting your dreams to the reality of space, furniture already on hand, and—



Can you suggest an attractive cover for this dainty bed? And an improvement for the walls?

how important—the amount of money you can afford, in this instance, fifty dollars.

The girl's bed-room in the Little House in Washington is, as you can readily see, in need of some transforming touches that will create its bare space and few essentials into the liveable, attractive spot that any girl would delight in calling her own. As this year Girl Scouts all over the country are planning many kinds of Homemaking activities, Mrs. Hoover thought it would be an excellent idea to bring about the change in the girl's room of the Little House by the Girl Scouts themselves. She wishes all Girl Scouts to have the opportunity of making the plans. The name of the winning troop will be placed permanently in the room. And do not forget that all plans must be mailed to *THE AMERICAN GIRL* before December 1, 1925.

Now let us see exactly what is in the room from which to work. The walls are covered with a two-toned warm grey paper. The ceiling is white. The dimensions of the room, as well as those of the dresser, chest of drawers, and bed are given in the sketch with the two following exceptions. The height of the window is four feet ten inches; the distance from the top of it to the ceiling is seven inches; and from the sill to the floor is thirty-four inches. The radiator under the window is twenty-nine inches long, twelve inches wide, and twenty-seven inches high.

All the wood work and fixtures in the room are of ivory color. The color of the day bed, dresser and chest is a light, warm grey. The positions of the door, closet door, window, radiator, and lights are indicated in the sketch. The floor is of white maple varnished and then waxed.

What is now needed? The floor is bare, for one thing. The dresser is bare. The mirror is not in place. The bedspread, though neat, light, and useful to protect the blankets from soiling, is not especially attractive and might have another more decorative over it if fifty dollars can be stretched to include it. Don't you think a comfort-

able chair would be appreciated by the imaginary occupant? Are other things lacking? Perhaps you will need to close your eyes again to see clearly just what a girl needs and wishes in her room, and to test again your color scheme for an harmonious and pleasing whole.

Naturally when you are estimating the fullest capacities of fifty dollars, you will consider the fact that a few things, at least, can be made at home just as well and far more economically by a girl with moderate skill. This means that if the plan of your troop is chosen for the room, you may then, perhaps, make the actual articles which you called home-made,—being sent, of course, money to cover the cost of the materials used, which would come from the fifty dollars. Since the plan will have come from a troop, all the girls in that troop will naturally join in making whatever home-made articles it is possible to transport easily. Just how the work may be apportioned is a question you yourselves will settle, for certain girls have certain abilities, as we all know. And just how your troop will, in the first place, work out the plan, is also your own problem.

In sending in your plan, you may send drawings, painted color schemes for rugs and curtains, spread, etc. You may, if you wish, include samples. You may draw a picture of the entire room. You may use your crayons or water colors



An SOS from the Little House! Will you answer the call of these scanty furnishings?

to convey your idea. You may write a description of what you would do. We are placing no limit on the length of this description. All we are requiring is that it be clear and specific. Every plan must be accompanied by a definite statement of the cost of each article that you would add to the room, the whole to total not more than fifty dollars.

You may talk over the plan all you wish with your Captain, your mother, or any interior decorator whom you may know. If you wish to consult the experts in any local store, do so. Be sure your costs are accurate and that your plan represents the best combined taste of your troop. We can imagine that the discussion of what pictures to put in the room will take some time, alone!

Think how proud your troop will be, if your plan is accepted, to have the girl's room in our Little House furnished according to your own suggestions. Some day when you make that long planned for trip to Washington—for of course even girls on the Pacific Coast hope to make it some day—won't it be fun to visit your Girl Scouts' own Little House there? And fun especially if you find your own troop's name in a dainty little bed-room planned for a girl by a whole troop of girls?

Send your plans before December 1, 1925, to The Girl's Room Contest, in care of *THE AMERICAN GIRL*, 670 Lexington Avenue, New York City.



The Beholder

"Beauty is in the eye of the Beholder"

The Beholder is entirely written and illustrated by the Girl Scouts who send in a description or a story or a picture of something interesting they have seen outdoors. Tell about it in not more than 275 words, giving your name, age, and Girl Scout troop number. Girl Scout artists may draw headings of this size in India ink. To every Girl whose contribution is accepted, the Beholder will award a book.

Our heading this month was drawn by Dorothy Chapman, Age 17, Troop 33, Queens, L. I.



D.E.C.

A Hike to Beaver Colony

THE hike to the beaver quarters was a very thrilling event. We started on the hike from the Girl Scout Camp at Crystal Lake, Connecticut. Beavers in Connecticut are very unusual.

We planned to meet an elderly gentleman who is a lover of the out of doors and also a naturalist. This friend had been given a pair of beavers which he had released in a small stream in Union, a wild region of this state. The clever animals built dams in this stream which stopped the water wheels of a saw mill located near by. The owner was so exasperated that he dynamited the works only to find next morning the cause of his trouble rebuilt. This was repeated until the little colony became discouraged, and so they migrated to another stream near the hamlet of North Ashford.

There we saw the wonders they had performed. A dam a few hundred feet wide had turned the swamp into a pond a half mile long, which then extended into the woods, thereby killing the trees as you can see in the picture. The dead trees made a dismal appearance with their bare limbs.

The beavers had selected the place where they were going to build, and then had made a dam below there so as to have their home which is made of sticks, mud, and stones, surrounded by water. It is difficult to believe that these animals could carry stones weighing eight and nine pounds and limbs many feet long, but as we looked at the four dams we saw it was true.

Many small, well beaten paths led up to trees which the beavers had felled. A great number of these were poplar or birch. These furnished a large part of their winter food and material for constructing their homes. One tree was half way gnawed through, but was not completed because if the tree fell, it would endanger the lives of the animals, and they were clever enough to realize this.

When the beavers succeed in felling a tree, they cut it up in different lengths, drag them down the paths to the water, and then float them into their houses

where they are sunk for future use.

It was intensely interesting watching for a glimpse of our beavers, but we did not even hear their danger signal, which is a sharp slap of their tail upon the water.

MARIAN BRANCH

Age 13, Troop 1, Willimantic, Conn.

A Strange Rescue

My father, who is a commercial fisherman, one day brought home a bird in his lunch pail. It proved to be a male flicker, recognized by the black "moustache" under the chin or beak. After looking at the bird we let it fly.

A few days later my father brought home another bird in his lunch pail. This was the female. We let it free as soon as we had examined it. The two flickers have made a nest near our house, and we will no doubt have them as pets.

After a few days, father brought home

a mourning dove. It was the most beautiful wild bird I have ever seen. Its eyes were mammoth and the feathers were a bluish purple with a little soft gray mixed in. We let this bird go, as it seemed cruel to keep such a beautiful creature in captivity.

Perhaps some of you are wondering how my father happened to bring the birds home. The smaller type of birds fly out into the lake. They must keep flying as there is no place to land except on the boats. The sea-gulls were chasing all three of the mentioned birds. The flickers and the dove each time flew aboard the boat. The men closed the doors and caught the trembling birds. The sea-gulls very nearly killed the mourning dove and its body was bleeding from the pecks it had received from the gulls.

MARJORIE O'BECK

Age 14, Troop 1, Grand Haven, Mich.

Lady Birds

One day as I was walking along by our barley field a strange worm caught my eye. It was about an inch and a half long and was black with red spots on its back. Near the front of its body were six legs. Not knowing what it was, I brought it to the house, but none of the family knew any more about it than I did. I consulted all the books we had about insects, but still was at a loss as to what it was. I finally decided it was a lady bug larva, so I put it in a glass jar with a perforated lid.

Every day I watched it and every other day I would put fresh barley in for it to eat. In about two days I found company for it. Then in almost a week, I found two lady bugs in the jar and only the shells of the larva. Only one of the larva I had did not turn into a lady bug, for it died.

MARGARET COOK

Age 17, Indio, Cal.

The Monkey Hold-Up

After school was out, we went on a trip through Missouri, Oklahoma, and Texas. One of our stops was in Hot (Continued on page 48)



A beaver house, photographed by Marian Branch, Troop 1, Willimantic, Connecticut

And Now Hallowe'en is Here Again

Clever barty ideas used by Girl Scouts and their friends

By MADGE WILLIAMS



The Candy Man

ALREADY you are counting on that Hallowe'en party of yours. Either you are giving one or else you are going to one, that's certain. And you are thrilling with anticipation—mysterious invitations, ghostly visions, your future revealed, bobbing for apples! Yes, it will all be in that party.

For those of you who are planning your own, your Editor has passed on to me a handful of interesting letters written by Girl Scouts describing their Hallowe'en parties last year. So, since Hallowe'en comes around every year with just the same kind of fun

each time, I shall pass those ideas on to you now.

Here is the cleverest invitation—I only wish I knew which troop used it. It is a jolly-faced pumpkin, cut from red-orange paper, with its face, the edge and the stem outlined in broad strokes of black ink. At the mouth two parallel slits are cut in the paper, through which is slipped the invitation. The invitation is printed on yellow paper, folded lengthwise into a narrow strip. Slipped through the top slit from the back of the pumpkin, and down through the other slit, it protrudes below the pumpkin's chin from the back, for all the world like a saucy tongue. Yes, of course the invitation is written in rhyme. But I am not going to tell you what it says because I want you to write your own! Those are always the best—but be sure to make yours very ghostlike!

Mysterious entrances are absolutely essential to a Hallowe'en party. It would never do to have your guests come tamely in at the front door. The Girl Scouts of Forked Road, New Jersey, had a fortune telling welcoming last year. On the lawn in front of the home where the party was held, they erected a cornstalk wigwam in which sat a gypsy. As each guest turned up the walk, she (or he because boys were invited, too) was given what looked like a blank piece of paper. She was then conducted by a ghost to the wigwam where the gypsy demanded the paper. The latter then made mysterious passes over a hidden jar of ammonia and passed the paper back to the guest. Behold the spirits had written a message upon it! To prepare these slips of paper, the girls had previously written a fortune on each in colorless ink. The action of the ammonia fumes upon this ink brought out the message.

You may have ghostly welcoming by planning a mysterious tour of back yard, cellar, in through a window, up into the attic—anywhere about the house, with ghosts, and jack-o'-lanterns popping out from many corners and dark closets.

What games shall you play? Old Hallowe'en games, of course—bobbing for apples, finding a coin with your

mouth in a saucer of flour, guessing how many kernels are on an ear of corn, and fortune-telling of all kinds. The Girl Scouts of Mount Vernon, Iowa, last year had a new kind of fortune cake. They put in a wedding ring, of course! But for the other tiny trinkets, they thought of the many things which the girls might do in the future and planned the trinkets as symbols. A pen foretold authorship. A Red Cross button, a trained nurse. A small paint brush, an artist. And so on. You can easily think of others for yourselves.

Mrs. L. W. Foster, the girls' Captain in Mount Vernon, has also described one Hallowe'en Treasure Hunt they had. Each girl drew a slip of paper from a pumpkin. On the slip were written ghostly directions about where to go first. When a girl had found her second slip of

paper, she learned where to proceed further. Upstairs and downstairs, into every nook and cranny hurried the girls, to find an English walnut at the end of each trail. In the walnut was the girl's fortune.

The many old Hallowe'en games

have been described in books of games readily available at the library. From them all, select those which best fit into the place where you are to hold your party and those which your own guests will most enjoy. That is the secret of any successful party—planning what the guests will most enjoy.

And ghost stories! Don't forget them. Don't wait until the night of the party and hope that some one will then be inspired to tell one. Invite a special ghost or a mysterious visitor who will not be seen until his strange entrance into a dimly lighted room. This visitor has read ghost stories and has come prepared to tell the best of those found. Jack-o'-lanterns may light the room. Perhaps even they will be suddenly extinguished. Any one who is not ready for thrills should not attend a Hallowe'en party.

Decorations? Black cats and witches and Jack-o'-lanterns and corn-stalks—no need to describe them. One visit to the five-and-ten-cent store and for small cost you will have all that you need. Perhaps, however, you will wish to make some special favors for your table decorations. Those shown here were published in the *McCall Needlework Magazine* last fall and are here given with the kind consent of their entertainment editor. The Lollipop Doll may be a Jack-o'-lantern one, if you wish. Paint a face on a large

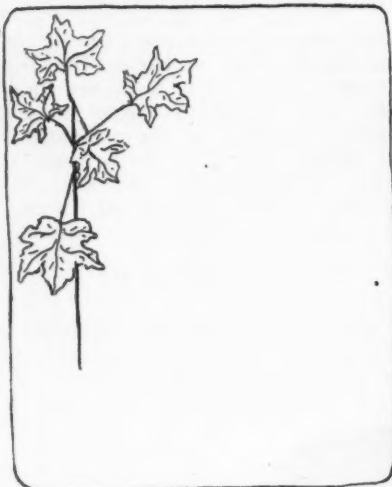
(Continued on page 45)



A Pumpkin Mask



The Lollipop Doll



Our Patrol Corner

This Nature Bulletin Board is easily made, the materials required being cardboard (which you may find at home), common paint (which may be in your father's shed), orange enamel (which you may have to buy). As in the calendar we described last month, the first step is to decide the size you wish and to cut the cardboard accordingly. Next, round off the corners. Paint the cardboard with common paint. Let dry. For your second coat use orange enamel. Let dry. You now have a pleasing background for your autumn leaves.

A suggestion has been sent us from Mrs. Charles E. Wood of Salem, New Jersey. "An inexpensive yet attractive jardinière can be made from a large cigar box. The paper must first be soaked and scraped off. The box is then sand-papered and given two or three coats of paint. For the last coat, select the color which you wish the box to be when it holds ferns or flowers. Grey is very good as a background for decoration. If you wish, you may paint a very simple design in a contrasting color on the box, but do not make it shrieking or vivid, as the flowers and ferns must remain your 'center of interest' as artists say. After the paint has dried a tinsmith, for a little money, will make a tin container with a ring on each end. These rings will enable you to lift the tin box when you wish to water the plants. The local florist filled my jardinière for a dollar. If you wish to make an expedition into the woods, you may fill your own, selecting those ferns and plants which are hardy and which form an attractive group together. You will also need to consider the requirements of your plants for sun or shade, and the spot for your jardinière."

Scribes' Chatter

I presume Helen Ferris is a Scribe and so can chatter in this corner. Anyway, she says she is going to because she simply must talk to you on this page as well as on the Editor's Trail.

She says to tell you it is by no means too late to send in your letter for the What-I-Wish-in-my-Magazine Contest. You have until October first to mail your letter. So, if you have not already done it, won't you write today for the contest?

Helen Ferris has set her heart on receiving one thousand letters in the contest, this year. And if you could see her wistfully watching for the mail every day, nothing could keep you from writing your own letter!

You will find the contest described in detail in the September issue. Be sure to read over the contest rules before you write. It would be a pity if you almost won a prize and then your letter was disqualified because of some minor blunder. That was what happened last year. One girl forgot to put down her age, and her letter was therefore not eligible. Wasn't that a shame?

Goodness, how busy every one is these days. Troop meetings are starting in again. Camp reunions are quite the thing. Fire Prevention Week is coming along. And then Girl Scout Week, before we know it!

The picture you see here of the Hamilton Girl Scouts was taken the day the girls visited the local Engine House and a Fire Chief showed them not only how to turn in an alarm but many other fascinating things.

Which reminds us to remind you that there is a Fire Prevention playlet in our new book of Girl Scout plays, *Ceremonies around the Girl Scout Year*. It will pay you to buy this book from your National Equipment Department (price fifteen cents) because then you will have a whole handful of plays for yourselves, including our new Registration Ceremony by Birdsall Otis Edey.

Well, well, here is word of a *Lucky Penny* meeting held by Holly Troop 4, Los Angeles, Cal. "We Girl Scouts of Holly Troop who subscribed to the magazine liked the story of *Lucky Penny* just as the Rhode Island Girl Scouts did, so we decided to have a *Lucky Penny* Meeting for the benefit of the girls not subscribing. The patrol in charge of the meeting before May Day brought the necessary materials for May baskets. Then while our Lieutenant's mother read the first installment of *Lucky Penny*, the Girl Scouts, like the Holly Troop in the story, made May baskets. Each took her basket home and on May Day filled it with garden flowers and carried it

to some friend's door. Our Captain was ill and the prettiest basket was taken to her. The whole troop thought it was lots of fun but we were sorry not to have some Brownies to pick up the scraps. Neither did we find a Haunted House but hope for better luck next time. In the meanwhile, all wanted to hear the rest of the story, so we are enclosing six new subscriptions for the girls in Holly troop who have not been subscribers before.

What a fine idea! Why not have a *Waul and Dyke, Inc.* meeting in your troop next week, reading aloud the first installment of our new serial? Girls are sure to want the rest of that exciting story once they start it.

And if you wish to earn troop equipment with the subscriptions, read on the inside cover and elsewhere in the magazine about the splendid presents given with THE AMERICAN GIRL.

Now that your troop is together again, you are interested in raising money for your registration dues and your other



During Fire Prevention Week, the Girl Scouts of Hamilton, Ohio, learned how to turn in an alarm

troop expenses. It does seem as though a candy sale is always successful—providing the candy is delicious, of course! The Eagle patrol of Troop 27, St. Louis, Mo., made forty-five pounds of six varieties of candy in their own homes. Every bag was sold during the noon hour at school, from small tables set up in the school hall. Park Austin, Scribe of Troop 27, adds the practical suggestion, "If any troop is giving a candy sale, grade school pupils prefer large, bulky bags, of puffed rice candy, for example."

for Your Troop

Forecast: Enthusiastic plans will be made this month for Girl Scouts Week

Vol. I No. 10



Elizabeth McKee's room as it looks today

A Girl Scout Redecorates Her Room

By ELIZABETH MCKEE

Age 16, Troop 1, Wheeling, W. Va.

I should like to tell you what I have done in my room. This is how my room was before it was changed. The woodwork was stained red, the furniture of oak, the head of the bed being about seven feet high. The dresser was old-fashioned. A carpet covered the floor entirely.

The picture you see here is my room now. The woodwork received four coats of ivory paint. The floor is stained. As my room is longer than it is wide, one strip of the old rug was taken from the middle, and this strip, with fringe added, made the small rugs. The head of my bed was cut down and it looks just like the ones of today. We took the mirror off the dresser and, turning it up the other way, fastened it to the wall. Figured cretonne covers the chairs. The dresser and mantel scarfs are blanket-stitched around the edges and figures from the same cretonne are appliquéd upon them.

I bought the parts for my lamp at the five-and-ten-cent store and then made my lamp-shade of silk over a wire frame. Wallace Nutting's picture, *The Swimming Pool* hangs above my desk. Mrs. Rippin's picture is at the left and Captain Harrison's and Miss Loeffler's at the right. Attractive picture frames can be made with passe-partout. On my dresser is a picture of the baby I took care of for my Child Nurse Badge. She was the sweetest and best baby!

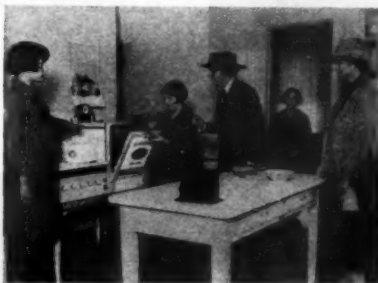
To me, my room is one of the loveliest

spots on earth! I haven't forgotten Patten Beard's helpful hints in *THE AMERICAN GIRL*.

A Most Special Request

What do you do at home? What do you make? What do you cook? What special tasks have you appropriated as your own and when do you do them? Miss Sarah Louise Arnold, our new President, and Helen Ferris, our Editor, are very eager to know because they wish to have a brand-new department in *THE AMERICAN GIRL* in which to pass along good homemaking ideas among the Girl Scouts. Elizabeth McKee and

Mrs. Wood on these pages have sent in just the kind of good ideas that Helen Ferris wishes to have you send her in a letter. Won't you write to her right away, describing what you do? She hopes to start the new department very soon. Have you a special way of arranging flowers? A pet recipe? Send it along! How do you do your darning? Perhaps you have discovered a secret that makes a game of it as well as of dish-washing! Tell her about that, too. Put at the top of your letter, "For Girl Scout Homemakers." Then watch *THE AMERICAN GIRL* and see what happens!



Mrs. Herbert Hoover and Mrs. James Ford watching a Girl Scout bake a cake in our Little House in Washington

Girl Scout Games

Pearl E. Clark, Captain of the Pine Cone Troop of Ontario, has sent *THE AMERICAN GIRL* the following interesting games. The first game is called Picture Gallery. Scattered about the room on tables, window seats, and chairs are numbered objects. Each Girl Scout is given pencil and paper; told that the numbered objects which she finds are pictures of the Girl Scout Laws, the slogan, and the motto; and is allowed a limited time in which to identify each "picture." A prize may be awarded the patrol having the most complete list. The exhibits and the laws represented follow.

LAW 1. (Honor) A map of ancient Mesopotamia with a pin through Ur. Beside it is this question, "Where is the pin?" Answer: on Ur suggests honor, the key word to Law 1.

LAW 2. (Loyal) The letter L and a bottle of oil.

LAW 3. (Useful—U'S full) A large letter U full of dancing figures that overflow the edges.

LAW 4. (Friend) A picture of the Regional Director in uniform.

LAW 5. (Courteous—cur-tea-us) A toy dog, package of tea, and a pine cone (for our particular troop).

LAW 6. (Friend to animals) A bottle of mange cure.

LAW 7. (Obeys) A tin soldier or bell-boy.

LAW 8. (Cheerful-chairful) A chair full of books and papers.

LAW 9. (Thrifty) A bank book.

LAW 10. (Clean) Can of Dutch Cleanser.

SLOGAN. (Be prepared) A package of safety pins.

MOTTO. (Do a good turn) A pancake turner with the inscription, "Used every morning."

Of course the numbers on the objects do not correspond with the numbers of the Laws. That would be too easy!

In the second game the players are seated in a semicircle. Beginning at one end each girl takes a letter of the alphabet (in order.) "A" begins the game by calling out any other letter she may choose. The person having

(Continued on page 44)



ABOVE—When the Boston Girl Scouts built this brush lean-to on Boston Commons, every passer-by realized that the Girl Scout is an outdoor girl

RIGHT—And the hundreds of people who paused before this Fifth Avenue window exhibit knew that the Girl Scout learns to care for small children



ABOVE — Making a rope stretcher was part of a recent New Brunswick, N. J., Girl Scout program



ABOVE—An out-of-door program of Girl Scout activities, during Girl Scout Week, will appeal to your friends just as it did in Westchester County, N. Y.

BELOW—Prominent person will attend Girl Scout demonstration—just as M. Coolidge visited Little House, Washington, D. C.



RIGHT—A splendidly arranged store window in Providence, R. I., giving an idea of our many activities

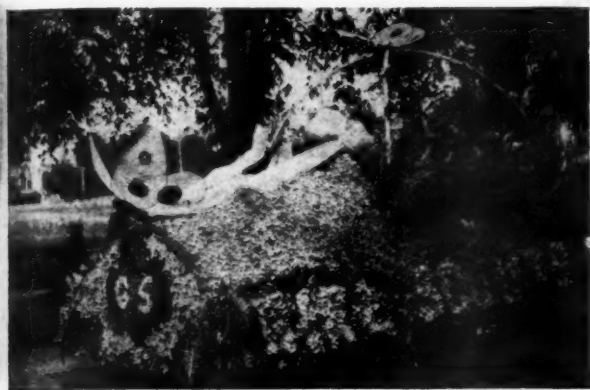


Putting Across the

In ways such as these, during Girl Scout Week, what Girl Scouting means to and

the Girl Scout Idea

Girl Scout Week, we shall show our friends
and what we, as Girl Scouts, do



LEFT—This beautiful parade float was made of roses by the Portland, Ore., Girl Scouts in honor of their Rose Festival—and it won first prize

ABOVE—If each of your window exhibits tells a story, passers-by will remember it. This bird window was arranged in Rochester, N. Y., last Girl Scout Week



ABOVE—Miniature camp scenes appeal to every one—who could resist the picturesque details of this one made by troop fifty-three of Minneapolis, Minn.?



ABOVE—Even Mary Pickford puts up Girl Scout posters when invited by the Hollywood, Cal., Girl Scouts

Below Prominent people will attend Girl Scout demonstration—just as Mr. Coolidge visited Little House Washington, D.C.



LEFT—A simple parade idea will tell our Girl Scout story—as it does here in Hinsdale, Ill.



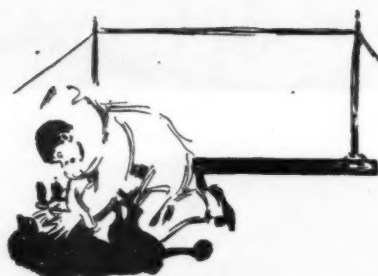
1
BALANCE



2
REWARD



3
REHEARSAL



4
DISASTER



5
LAMENTATION



6
RESCUE



7
RECOVERY

The Tale of a Dog — or — A Girl Scout to the Rescue
By SEDDIE ASPELL

Cantilever Stores

Cut this out for reference

Akron—11 Orpheum Arcade (Main Market)
 Albany—Hewitt's Silk Shop, 65 Columbia St., (Cor. N. Pearl)
 Allentown—935 Hamilton St.
 Altona—Bendheim's, 1509-11th Ave.
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Cantilever Shoe

Lucky Penny

(Continued from page 19)

from the roadway to the tall white portico of the Stickney house. The Chipmunk patrol was staggering up that road in much the same manner as on that momentous day six months ago. But what a difference in the house! It had not yet been painted,—but life breathed from it instead of desolation. Over the newly-mown grass, sunlight flickered in pools between elm shadows. The windows shone clear and polished, and the front door—its brass knocker winking in the sun—stood hospitably wide. On the doorstep sat a toy dog, gazing innocently with button eyes at the visitors.

"Will your watch-dog let us in?" Elinor called to Penny, who at that moment came running downstairs.

"Why, welcome, ye Chipmunks! What sort of delegation is this?"

"We couldn't keep away any longer," Madge declared. "We had to see the Stickney-Stafford establishment in full blast."

"How's the heiress?" Nan inquired.

"Fit as a fiddle," said Penny. "Come and see her."

They passed through the high hall, and through the library, clustered with Chinese furniture and peacock-colored cloisonné, and Penny led the way out of an open French window to the garden which lay behind the house. Here, where round-headed coppery chrysanthemums stood about the sundial, Helen Stickney and her baby were playing. May had clutched the pins from her mother's hair, and it was tumbling about them both, a gorgeous chestnut mass. Mrs. Stickney tossed it back from her face—an amber-colored nimbus against the sun—and stood up, laughing. May, seeing several old friends, shouted "Howdo! Howdo!"—her latest accomplishment.

And the Chipmunks stood still—all struck silent by the same astonishing revelation: that plain, anxious, pale Miss Lorimer the nurse, could turn into any one as beautiful as Helen Stickney.

"We'll have tea at once," she said, looping up her hair. "Out here—it would be nice, don't you think?"

So by and by a pleasant-faced serving-woman brought a great deal of tea, and hermit cookies, and cinnamon toast, and scones, and wine-berry jam. Babs sighed a little. She ensconced herself with her back against the sundial, advantageously near the tea-cart. May was given a bit of zweibach to munch, that she might feel herself included in the party.

"We're all here," Penny said. "To think I shan't leave you yet awhile! The only member of the fairy ring missing is Lisbeth. You know—Lisbeth counts."

But Lisbeth was sufficiently rapturous. All day she had been reading and re-reading a missive written in red ink on gold-edged paper. "Mrs. Alexander D.

Stickney, Miss Penelope Stafford, and Miss May Danforth Stickney request the pleasure of your company for one week at Stickney Manor. Bring your nightie, a good appetite, and your Brownie smile."

Elinor Hayes stirred her tea thoughtfully. "Just think of it," she said, "how queer things are, anyway. How we laughed at you, Penny, lugging your May-basket way up here to give to a cranky old lady who wasn't even living. And if you hadn't insisted . . ."

Somehow they all looked at May then placidly waving her zweibach above her head.

"The story might have ended very differently," Penny said. "It had a whole lot of chances to slip up here and there along the way. Perhaps it was my luck. Perhaps not."

The Chipmunks looked across the lawn, across the sun-splashed flowerbeds, under the elms to the tall whiteness of the Stickney house.

"I believe the old lady would be happy, if she knew," Madge said softly.

"I'm perfectly sure she would," Penny agreed.

May, who had crept to the foot of the sundial, now pulled herself up by it and stood radiant, the sun making a small halo of her amber hair. She was very little and very courageous and triumphant, standing there alone, clasping the worn stone. Emmadean, always interested in such matters, read the inscription on the dial.

"The old day passeth, sweet cometh the new."

Babs supplied herself with two more scones, another hermit cookie, and the last piece of cinnamon toast. She looked across the garden, above the cookie.

"Lucky Penny!" she sighed.

A word from the Editor: And so we bid farewell to our good friend Penny but not to our good friend Edith Ballinger Price, for she has promised to write more stories for THE AMERICAN GIRL. In fact, she has already written one. While you are waiting for it, why not ask your librarian for her books? She has written several for girls—and they are as entertaining as Lucky Penny, too.

So far in "Lucky Penny"

On a May morning "Lucky Penny" finds a foundling baby in a deserted house, and as the idea of sending this "May Blossom" to an institution is intolerable, Penny keeps her. One morning the town constable calls and tells her that he must send the child to the Asylum unless some older person adopts her. Penny and the other Chipmunks of her Girl Scout patrol are dismayed but can think of no way out. Penny does receive, however, a letter from the authorities saying that the asylum is full for the present, so that the parting is at least delayed.

One afternoon a woman dressed very shabbily arrives in the village and walks rapidly along the road to the deserted house. At its gate she pauses, then apparently gathering courage she continues to the door and knocks. At her touch it opens. She starts back, then partially controlling her terror, cries into the gloom, "Is any one there?" No answer. With one long gasp she runs inside, looks this way and that, seeks wildly in every corner of the house, downstairs, upstairs, down again, and finally back to the door and out along the path, moaning to herself, "Empty! Oh my heavens! Empty!"

The summer vacation soon arrives. One evening Penny is startled by a pale, oval face with fixed, staring eyes at the window. Before Penny can call, it withdraws swiftly, and a woman's form running down the path, is swiftly swallowed by the night. A few days later Penny's grandmother, with whom she lives, becomes seriously ill. The doctor suggests as nurse a young woman, a Miss Lorimer, who has recently come to town, and who served as nurse in the Red Cross during the war. Penny is glad to accept the suggestion, and Miss Lorimer soon becomes a welcome addition to the household. A little later very contentedly Granny dies and Penny is left very much alone. Friends offer their homes to Penny but insist that May be sent to an institution. Penny refuses. Her lawyer tells her that almost no money is left for her support. Perhaps she can work, Penny thinks, but there is no work in the village. Her situation looks very dark. However for a time she can continue to live as at present until Miss Lorimer finds another case. One day she takes Lisbeth, a little crippled girl, whose mother is very poor, to a Brownie meeting at which Lisbeth is initiated into the pack. Lisbeth comes to spend the night. At breakfast the next morning a note arrives from the Asylum saying that a vacancy has occurred and that they will receive May at once. Only Miss Lorimer sees this. She excuses herself from the table. When Penny has almost completed her preparations for May's bath, she remembers that she must run to the drug store for new Castile soap. Leaving the bath water heating and Lisbeth amusing the baby upstairs, she runs out to fill this need, telling Lisbeth to call Miss Lorimer if she needs her. At the drug store she is delayed. As she leaves it, she meets Miss Lorimer who looks guilty and explains that she has gone to see the constable as a last resort to beg that they may keep May. As they turn a corner, they are frozen with horror. Clouds of smoke are pouring from the windows of Penny's home. Then they run. As they run Penny finally realizes that Miss Lorimer is panting over and over, "That's my baby in there! My baby!"

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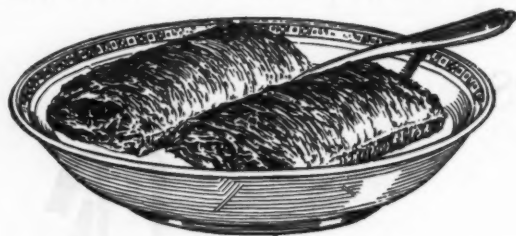


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'Round About the Bus-queek

(Continued from page 22)

there was more to it than that. . . She couldn't forgive Mollie, though. She had said such hateful things.

She didn't go to school early the next day; and she came home directly after her classes were over. She didn't want to see the girls for one thing; she wanted to think it all out for herself. After a while she supposed she'd be out of things just as much as Rose was, and the other girls would be doing the usual things without her. Mollie seemed to be having a good time. But Mollie would have to be the first one to make up.

As it happened Jim precipitated things. Father had a long letter from him Thursday morning at breakfast, and chuckled so over it that Beanie and mother could hardly wait to hear it.

"You know, Mary," father grinned over at mother, "I'm just beginning to realize that we need never worry about the honor of the family so long as we have Jim to look after it." Then he read them Jim's letter.

"Dear Father," it began.

"The Triangle's planning to give a spring performance of Gilbert and Sullivan's *Patience*, and I've a chance to try out for it. You know a revival is running now in New York. Of course, I'd like to do as well as I can in the part—I know you and mother expect me to hold up my end of the family here, and then I shouldn't like to fall down on your college record. Don't you think it might be a pretty good idea for me to run down this week end and see it there and get some ideas for the part?"

"Bob could come, too, and we might ask Beanie and Mollie and have a regular party with you and mother to chaperone. If you approve, please see about the tickets and wire me and we'll come down Friday afternoon.

Devotedly,

Jim.

"P. S. I've been thinking that mother and the girls would like it better if we made a formal party of it and—well we could wear dinner coats, you know. I think they'd like it."

"Patricia, if you made as much ado over your first party dress as Jim does over his first tuxedo we'd call you a vain girl," father teased.

"Oh, isn't that awful?" Beanie said tragically jabbing her spoon into her cereal. "You know as well as I do that Jim is dying to come down here Friday, and he'd pass right out if he couldn't wear that tuxedo, and he's pretending to do it all to please us. And if he wasn't such a nut he wouldn't be nearly so nice and amusing! What are we going to do about it?"

"Well, I think his plan is a capital one," said father. "You ask Mollie over for the week end, and I'll help Jim uphold the honor of the family."

Delicious candy recipes in November

"I've never known life to be so full of problems," Beanie thought as she went upstairs for her hat and coat. "It would serve Mollie right if I didn't ask her. I could ask Cecelia just as well."

But I suppose I won't. After all, it's Jim's party."

The easiest way would be to write a note and put it in Mollie's mail box. She sat down and jabbed at a piece of paper with a pen. "Mother would be glad," she wrote, and then crossed that out and began again. She might as well do it right if she were going to do it at all. "Mother and I," she started the second one.

But she didn't leave it in the mailbox after all. Mollie was waiting for her at the school gate as she got there. "We're going to be late," Mollie said as they ran up the walk together. "I thought you never were coming."

"I know. But something terribly exciting has happened," Beanie shouted back above the school bell. Here's a note about it," as they slid into the classroom.

A minute later Mollie wig-wagged delighted acceptance across the room. "I'll explain to her that I still haven't changed my opinions," Beanie made a mental note. But there was no time. She and Mollie had no class together on Thursday, and there was a recital after school that kept her all the afternoon. Friday brought preparations for the party and the arrival of Jim and Bob, so that dinner was over and they were on the way to the play almost before Beanie had her breath.

Although she lived within an hour of New York, Beanie had not been to the theatre often, and she was still excited by it. The music and the lights and the beautifully dressed women gave her such delicious little thrills that her teeth fairly chattered with the excitement. Then she was oblivious to everything from the moment the curtain went up on the twenty love-sick maidens until it went down at the end of the first act with Patience renouncing Archibald because her love was not unselfish.

"Isn't that just like a girl?" Jim said. "It's like us—getting all excited over nothing," said Mollie shyly to Beanie.

And Beanie, her eyes shining from the play, reached over to squeeze Mollie's arm. It was so good to have her back again. And they were having such a heavenly time.

Long after Mollie was asleep that night Beanie lay awake thinking. "It's wonderful what forgetting about a thing that worries you will do," she thought as she stared up into the darkness. It all seemed very simple. "I'll call a meeting on Monday, and I'll tell the girls what I think, and then we'll take a vote. And we'll do whatever they decide," she concluded as she turned over to go to sleep.

But the other girls had been thinking too, and it was a very serious little group that climbed the steps to Miss Adams' room for the meeting.

(Continued on page 39)



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Waul and Dyke, Inc.

(Continued from page 7)

rescue now. He was not the sort to be awed by even an Aunt Augusta. "Dance this with me," he invited. "It's the new tango I said I'd teach you, 'member?'"

Beryl was playing in a manner that made dancing inevitable, in spite of Aunt Augusta's presence. Jane sailed away with her partner, putting those spiked glances out of her mind.

"Queer party, isn't it," Max murmured as soon as he had assured himself that Jane was going to be so quick at falling into the new steps that he might safely give his attention to conversation.

Jane, however, deliberated with her answer. Max Colt was a type of young man who had never come her way before. There was an air of sophistication about him that was a little disconcerting to a mere boarding school girl. But then wasn't he a mere "Academy" boy? He was slim and rather elegant, with slicked-back dark hair, chiseled features, olive skin, and long dark eyes. He danced perfectly. But weren't his words tinged with a reflection on Grace and her mother? For the second time that day Jane deviated slightly from her straightforwardness. With a little edge in her voice she replied "What do you mean, queer? You didn't have to come, did you?"

The other members of the party were Sylvia Hunt-Smith, a fluffy, giggly girl from Miss Burk's, Donald King, as colorless in his way as Grace in hers, and Cecil Pomeroy, Max's room-mate at the Academy. Cecil was as different from Max as one boy may be from another. He was short and fat, good looking in a blond, mild way, and a perpetual joker, the jokes mostly practical and not over abounding in wit. The three boys were sons of friends of Grace's mother; but none of the girls, not even Grace, had ever known them before.

Before the end of that tango, tea was brought in and set before Aunt Augusta. The young people drew about her gladly now, willing to brave her formidable manner for the sake of the refreshments which looked delectable. Mrs. Merri-man had left the room after having had Jane introduced to her, but Jane surmised that even had she been here it would have been the visiting Aunt Augusta who presided at tea. Before the old lady began to pour she removed from her wrist, with great care and deliberation, a curiously beautiful bracelet, a twisted circle of diamonds and emeralds, and laid it on the piano at her back. Jane had particularly noticed the bracelet because of the oddity of Aunt Augusta's combining such a brilliant piece of jewelry with her black gown. She thought that perhaps the reason for Aunt Augusta's removing the striking

ornament now was that in pouring the tea her hands came into such prominence that she herself had become uncomfortably aware of the incongruousness of the sparkling green and white stones.

Cecil, in passing the tea of Aunt Augusta's pouring, created a diversion by purposely mixing Max's and Jane's cups, so that Jane got sugar with her lemon which completely spoiled the drink for her, and Max got no sugar. Max's plight was easily remedied by himself reaching out his arm, to avoid any further mischief on his friend's part, and requesting four lumps of sugar, please, from Aunt Augusta. But Jane needed an entirely fresh cup if she was to drink her tea with pleasure. This would necessitate sending out to the pantry, and Aunt Augusta showed no inclination to do that. She remarked, almost spitefully. "Why did you taste it before telling me, Miss Dyke? It's a pity for Grace would willingly have changed with you."

Poor Grace was as disconcerted as a girl can be. Joyfully she would have exchanged now, but, as Aunt Augusta pointed out, Jane had already taken a sip from her cup and an exchange would be unhygienic. Privately, Jane thought that if she were Grace, she herself would have run to the pantry for a fresh cup and insisted on her guests being courteously treated. But such an idea, in spite of her apparent discomfort, had not entered Grace's head. She merely looked at Jane with devoted and sorry eyes and left her own cup untouched. Jane was sorrier for her friend, much sorrier, than for herself. What did a cup of tea more or less in one's life matter, while to have an aunt like that—! Without Cecil that half hour around the tea table would have been very nearly a failure. But nothing could dampen that young man's spirits. He made even Aunt Augusta laugh by his pranks and the mere infection of his own hearty guffaws.

As dusk deepened in the room, the young people leaned back luxuriously in their comfortable chairs and gradually grew silent; for Beryl had slipped back to the piano bench and was now playing, not dance music, but things of her own choosing. Her audience was not particularly musical, but there was not a person there who did not realize that this was distinguished playing and very beautiful; they were content to be still and listen.

Rain had begun to beat against the long French windows, and the bare boughs of a dwarfed apple tree tapped irregularly on one of the panes. A manservant stole in and lighted the fires already laid in the fire-places at either end of the long room. Marie herself came softly, on tiptoe, with a glass of water for Aunt Augusta and a powder. She

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held the glass before her in both hands while Aunt Augusta shook the powder into the water. Marie stood at attention, as it were, while Aunt Augusta tipped back her head and drained the potion. "Done to music that way, it is like some religious rite," Jane thought, chuckling to herself at the humor of Aunt Augusta's taking a dose of salts, or whatever it was, being such a solemn matter. The rite consummated, Marie withdrew with the glass and the bit of crumpled paper as unobtrusively as she had come.

Suddenly, to her surprise, Jane noticed Mrs. Merriman standing at the back of the piano, leaning forward a little on it looking down intently at Beryl's flying fingers. When had she returned to the drawing-room? If she had come from the hall door she would necessarily have passed between Aunt Augusta and Jane. Jane was sure she had not done that. Then, even as Jane gazed, slightly puzzled, Mrs. Merriman stepped back into the shadows—and vanished. Jane focussed her gaze more intently, directing it into the shadows where Mrs. Merriman had disappeared, and realized that behind a screen there, a tall Japanese affair with a great deal of silver embroidery, there must be a door; for surely Mrs. Merriman wasn't crouching behind that screen now. That would be too ridiculous!

Jane shivered, partly from the chilliness that the fires had not yet had time to take from the room, partly from an uneasy feeling caused by Beryl's music and the ghostly tapping of the bare boughs of the dwarfed apple tree, but mostly because of the way her hostess had appeared and disappeared in the gloom. "What's the matter with me!" Jane wondered. "This must be what people mean when they talk about nerves!"

Max lounged from his place at her elbow and crossed to the piano. There he leaned, elbows on the piano, looking down at Beryl's music. His back was to the room and Aunt Augusta, and Jane thought it a slight breach in his beautiful manners to obscure Beryl from their view in that way and to stand with his back to Aunt Augusta so near. But it was only for a minute. Soon he drifted away to wander about the edges of the room looking closely at the old prints and tapestries hung there.

Conversation and stir gradually recommenced. Aunt Augusta commanded Grace to turn on the lights. The instant after her grand-niece had touched the switch and the room was aglow with six or eight shaded lamps, Aunt Augusta said clearly and sharply. "Well, I never! My bracelet's gone!"

"Bracelet? What bracelet?" came the general clamor.

Aunt Augusta turned on Jane like a flash. "Did you knock it off?" she asked excitedly. "Please get down and look under the piano for it, Miss Dyke."

"Why, certainly. But what do you mean, knocked it off?" Jane was facing Aunt Augusta, on her feet before her, feeling in some way that this was

a critical instant in their strained relations.

Cecil, gallant for once, was already down on his knees, looking under the piano for a lost bracelet. His voice came up from that lowly position. "What does it look like, anyway, Miss Collins? Is it gold?"

"Any bracelet you find down there will likely be the bracelet," Aunt Augusta replied acidly. But the tone seemed directed at Jane even more than at Cecil. She was looking at Jane most "spikily."

Cecil came bouncing to his feet. "No jewelry under the piano," he announced cheerily. "But I say, what kind of a bracelet was it, Miss Collins?" He was not to be squelched.

"Ask Miss Dyke," Aunt Augusta suggested.

To Cecil's merry glance Jane replied promptly enough. "It was a twisted band of diamonds and emeralds."

"Oh, so you took it in well when you put your cup on the piano," Aunt Augusta jumped at that. "Even if you didn't knock it off?"

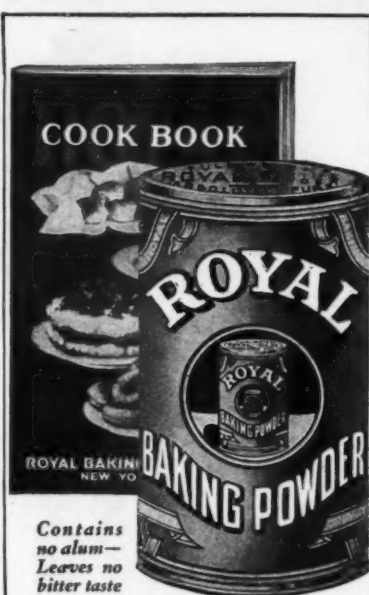
"Put my cup on the piano?" Jane had actually forgotten that after a polite effort or two to taste the unpleasantly sweet mixture she had risen from her chair, walked the few steps between her place and the piano and set the cup down there. But now she recalled it.

"No, I don't think I noticed it then," she answered Aunt Augusta, thoughtfully. "No, I'm sure I didn't. It was earlier, on your wrist. I did see you put it up on the piano, but I didn't think about it again, or notice it again."

Jane had not known that human eyes could pierce as Miss Collins' pierced her now. But she stood her ground firmly. Against what she was standing as her ground, however, she hardly knew. But she did not flinch either in her return gaze or in her posture. That seemed to surprise Aunt Augusta and a little take her aback. After a full minute of this silent combat the excited old lady ejaculated, "Well, it is a very valuable piece of jewelry, and it's got to be found. At once."

They all set themselves to hunting. Max and Beryl had left the room before the bracelet's loss was noticed. At least they were not here now, although no one had been aware, exactly, of their going out. But the remaining members of the party lifted rugs, peered among the strings of the piano and looked under and behind all the furniture. No place in the room, however unlikely, escaped their careful scrutiny. But the bracelet did not come to light.

"Well, I never!" was Miss Collins' oft-reiterated exclamation. She was obviously very much distressed, so obviously distressed that Cecil, after a crack or two, refrained from decorating his own searching with horseplay. They were all sorry for Aunt Augusta. Some time after the search had begun to look hopeless, the dressing gong sounded for dinner. Aunt Augusta dismissed them then, absently. "Mrs. Merriman likes



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promptness at meals," she said. "Go now, to your rooms, at once." Obediently they disbanded.

As Jane sat at her dressing table, or rather as she sat at Aunt Augusta's dressing table, she heard a door jerked open on the other side of the partition and some one moving about. Marie had informed her that the next apartment was Aunt Augusta's boudoir, and that the key was turned on the other side against any invasion from Jane. And now Aunt Augusta was in there speaking over her own private telephone. Apparently she thought that her words could not be heard through the partition; but Jane could not avoid hearing them.

"Milton, 5509. Yes, yes. That's what I said." A pause. "Hello! Hello! Yes. Hello. Tell Mr. Waul, Mr. Paul Waul, to come to the telephone at once, please." A pause. "At dinner? Well, he must leave his dinner then. This is his aunt, Miss Collins, speaking from Surfgate. Tell him that." A rather long pause then.

"That you, Paul? Impertinent maid they've got there! The diamond and emerald bracelet's been stolen. Alfreda's bracelet. Grace has got a house party here. All strangers. Well, I believe we do know the mothers of the boys. But nobody knows who the girls are. Julia won't hear of having the police in. You'll have to come. Yes, it's very serious. Bring your bag. Stay the night. Between us we'll discover which is the thief. Hurry. Goodbye."

Jane stared at her reflection in the mirror, stunned. Had the bracelet been stolen? That idea had never entered her head. And Paul Waul was coming after all. Horrors! The marvelous Paul Waul, the perfect Paul Waul, there was no escaping him now!

Where was the bracelet? Think it over! Read this installment again to find every clue—then next month see what happens when Mr. Paul Waul arrives.

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Please send to us, express paid, the assortment that we have marked below. We agree to pay for this candy as soon as it is sold and not later than 30 days after its arrival. We understand that candy can be returned at your expense if not satisfactory.

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Mason Wints—Wintergreen Pattie and Chocolate.
Mason Malabar—Marshmallow, Nuts and Chocolate.
Mason Cream Bars—Vanilla, Raspberry, Orange.
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OUR PUZZLE PACK



A Hallowe'en Puzzle

A silvery moon, hidden occasionally by light clouds, illuminates a clear October sky. In such an ideal setting for a Hallowe'en night we see Puzzled Jill talking earnestly with an old witch.

Naturally it is about the Hallowe'en puzzle which the old crone is holding up. The problem is to divide the square into five parts, making four triangles of the same shape and size, and one true square. In each part, when so divided, there should be one pumpkin and one cat.

We rather suspect that the little ghost-like figure holding up the rhyme is really the witch's cat. See if you can supply the two missing words, using the same five letters in different arrangement.

Puzzle Jack's Word Square

From the following definitions build up a five-letter word square.

- A garment.
- A city in Italy.
- An oil yielding plant.
- To raise frivolous objections.
- Fell upon the knees.

Add a Letter

By adding one letter at the beginning of each of the following words six new words will be formed. The six added letters will spell the name of a planet.

Pain. Gain. Rain. Nit. Ice. Ice.



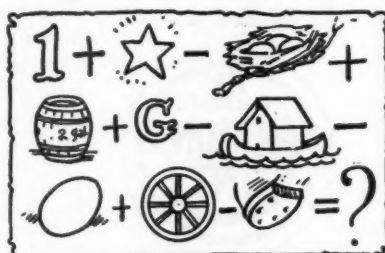
A Girl Scout Rebus

The above picture puzzle, or rebus as it is properly called, represents the name of a subject for which a Girl Scout can win a Merit Badge.

A Hallowe'en Charade

By ELIZABETH PIERCE, Age 12
Troop 3, West Palm Beach, Florida.

My first is in beach, but never in beech.
My second in passing, is never in reach.
My third is in pudding but never in bread.
My fourth is in lucky and never in dread.
My last you will find, I am certain, in brute.
My whole is a popular Hallowe'en fruit.



Puzzle Sum

By adding and subtracting the name of the various objects pictured above, make the name of a well known bird.

ANSWERS TO LAST MONTH'S PUZZLES?

THE CAMP FIRE PUZZLE: 1. Star Spangled Banner. 2. Auld Lang Syne. 3. Flow gently, sweet Afton. 4. Sweet and low. 5. Good night, ladies.

PROVERB ON KETTLE: "No smoke without fire." Puzzled Jack's fiddle is in the kettle!

A DOUBLE CHARADE: Dickens, Kipling.

A CAMP FIRE RIDDLE: Because it can make oil boil.

CURTAINED WORD: Stream, steam, scam, Sam, am.

CONCEALED JEWELRY: 1. Diamond 2. Pearl 3. Amethyst 4. Topaz.

WORD JUMPING: Camp, lamp, lame, lane, lone, long, song.

PUZZLE JACK'S WORD SQUARE:

T	R	E	E	A
R	E	A	D	C
E	A	S	E	M
E	D	E	N	O
O	A	R	S	T
P	A	R	E	S
A	P	E	S	A
R	E	A	P	R
E	S	P	I	D

Now is the time to earn handsome gifts

Hallowe'en is Here Again

(Continued from page 27)

gummed label and stick it to one side of a lollipop. Make hair by cutting a strip of brown crêpe paper across the grain, one and one-half inches wide, and then slashing it into fine fringe, leaving one-quarter of an inch band at the top edge plain by which to paste hair to the lollipop. Paste over the top edge of the lollipop making as many layers as you care to—three are generally enough. Cut the bangs straight across the face and curl the side strips by drawing each piece of the fringe over your scissors. Wind the stick of the lollipop with colored crêpe paper and insert end in a large flat button. To make the hat, cut a strip of colored crêpe paper across the grain, eighteen inches long and eight inches wide. Gather this with a needle and thread at one end, and tie gathers tightly together. Turn inside out and pinch the paper all around, about an inch from the gathered center. This will make the back of the cap. About three inches from where you have done the pinching, gather again and baste around the face allowing the hair to show well. Then, turn the rest of the paper back from the face and cut into three points. A strip nine inches by three inches is gathered about the neck and secured by wire.

The Candy Man is also easily made. Run a small splint of toothpick through two marshmallows, a small gum drop and a third marshmallow. This last one is the head; the eyes and the mouth are whole cloves stuck in. The two marshmallows form the body, and the buttons, too, are cloves. For arms and legs, use stick candy such as comes in a variety of colors put up in glass jars. It can be broken off any desired length and pushed into the marshmallows. To make the little man stand up, press his legs evenly into a large flat chocolate peppermint. To make the hat, take two triangles of bright colored crêpe paper, paste their edges together on two sides, and decorate with a tiny feather or bit of frilled crêpe paper.

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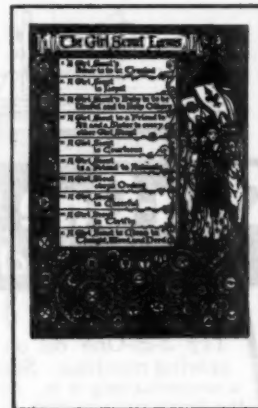
It is because each day letters come to us from people who do not follow these instructions. Many of these letters arrive with the corners so worn, torn, or nibbled, by chance or human hands, that there is no money in them.

Now, most envelopes are not stout enough to stand the strain of heavy coins. Stop and think how big a fifty cent piece really is, and how much handling your letter receives before it reaches us. Hereafter when you send us money, will you please follow the instructions to send a check or money order?



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A Pansy Story

By BERTHA CHAPMAN CADY

Everybody knew the pansies in the brass bowl on the piano and yet to most of the girls the story of the "little man" taking a foot bath in the nectar cup was new. Have you seen him?

Pansy faces are so like human faces that in some way we never can feel about these flowers as we do about others. They are more intimate, more "chummy." They are flowers everybody can have for they are cheap and easily grown and their expressions so varied that one never wearies of looking at them. There are the saucy roguish coquettes nodding to the cheerful open-faced bumpkins, while the wistful country lass looks shyly over the shoulder of some sad-faced mourner in a dress of velvet purple. Who could dare say that these thoughtful garden people do not really think and feel the parts they look so well?

Belle thought the happy-faced ones expressed the life of the pansy family and this is the story she made up for us. "You can see the family has a father and a mother for here they sit lovingly together on the one green chair at the top of the flower. Around them are their three beautiful daughters dressed far more gaily than their parents, and each on her own green chair. They have soft white fur collars about their necks which some say help to keep unwelcome visitors away. Watch and see!

"Lovely as these members of the family are, they are not all for if you will look carefully in the very heart of the family circle you shall see the baby. This is their 'little man.' He is not large or very strong so they all guard him well as the real treasure of the family for he must grow else who shall carry on the family name?

"If the three sisters will but push their pretty green chairs back a little we may get a better look at the 'little man.' There he sits on the very edge of the nectar cup with his queer little bandy

legs hanging down for a bath. His head is green and a lovely white cape covers his shoulders. Around his neck is a scalloped collar of reddish brown which is covered with tiny jewels, we call them grains of pollen, if we ever see them at all. And we say his coat is made of overlapping stamens while his little green head is the stigma.

"Into his mouth go the pollen grains which he catches from a visiting bee. While the bee crowds his feet away from the nectar cup he shakes his shoulders and wags his head till some of the pollen jewels are caught in the bee's fuzzy coat and the 'little man' steals gems which the bee has carried away from some neighboring pansy.

"There he stands till all the others wither and die and fall away, leaving him alone to carry on the family name. He is brave and staunch and swelling with pride as the days pass by and age creeps over him. The day comes at last when he can bear no more the loneliness and tearing off his coat he cries, 'Here I give you all I have! My treasure caskets hold within them a secret which baffles the wisest men. Take my treasures which men call seeds and plant them. Though they may seem as lifeless as a grain of sand yet from them shall come a living thing green and lovely unlike the seed, unlike the soil, unlike the sunshine into which they grew.'

Perhaps you know other pansy stories or stories of other flowers and will tell them to us. You may be one who will care to join in winning the Garden Finder's badge. Try it and see what fun you can get out of it as well as all the new things which you are sure to learn as you go on your way. Then write about it. I enjoy hearing of your gardens, of the ways you have made your part of the world a better place to live in.

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Of course you want THE AMERICAN GIRL always. You cannot think of a time when your own magazine doesn't come to you each month. Knowing that many Girl Scouts feel this way, THE AMERICAN GIRL has made a special offer of two years or twenty-four issues for \$2.00.

Bought singly at 15 cents a copy, these twenty-four issues would cost you \$3.60. Through our \$2.00 offer you get them for \$2.00, a saving of \$1.60, almost 7 cents a copy. Subscribe now and insure good reading for two years.

Another Girl Scout story—by Birdsall Otis Edey in November

It's Easy to Raise Money for Girl Scout Work with Osborne Benefit Pencils

An Original Money Raising Plan for Girl Scout Troops.

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We are making a Special Rate of \$4.50 per gross, terms net cash 30 or 60 days from date of invoice, f. o. b. Camden, New York. Subject to a discount of 2% if paid within ten

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While the larger organizations usually order in quantities of at least seven gross (1000 pencils) at a time, we will print any quantity from TWO GROSS up at the above rate and allow a full 30 or 60 day credit on all orders.

As a special inducement to have your order read for at least seven gross we are giving A GENUINE PARKER \$5.00 LADY DUOFOLD FOUNTAIN PEN FREE with each order for the above quantity.

Why not let us send you some pencils which can be easily sold at five cents each? This means a profit of \$2.70 per gross or nearly \$20.00 on every seven gross sale.

Remember—we do not ask a single penny in advance, thus giving you the opportunity to conduct the sale and do all the collecting before sending us our share of the proceeds. In other words—we finance the investment for you—no fuss—no risk—no worry!

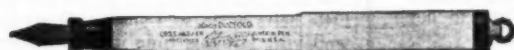
Do you know of a quicker, better or safer way in which to secure funds for your Troop?

Send for your pencils TODAY, printing out the inscription desired very plainly and we will ship them at once. They will soon be earning good money and you will be more than pleased with the result.



The Osborne Specialty Company CAMDEN, NEW YORK

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A Genuine Parker \$5.00 Lady Duofold Gold Mounted Fountain Pen Free of all Cost.

To each Girl Scout Troop ordering at least seven gross of the pencils at a time, we will give one of the above pens free of all cost. We suggest that this be awarded to the member of the Troop selling the most pencils during the campaign.

A.G. Oct.-25

19

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Captain

City or Town.....

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The Beholder

(Continued from page 26)

Springs, Arkansas. While there we went to the alligator farm. There was a monkey near the door we entered. This monkey was said to take money out of people's pockets and ties off their clothes. My sister, aged ten, had on a dress which had a tie at the neck. The monkey grabbed the tie and tore it off the dress. He began to chew it as fast as possible.

After chewing several times he decided it would not go down, so threw it away. We got the tie.

MARY MALONEY

Age 13, Troop 1, Ft. Scott, Kansas.

Maryland Yellow Throats

There is a swamp in back of the house and I go down there in spring and summer to hunt for flowers and birds. In one of my walks, I scared up a couple of Maryland Yellow Throats and immediately began hunting for the nest. I soon found it. It was built about four and a half feet from the ground in a clump of elder bushes and made of horse hairs, bits of cloth, grasses and strips of bark. It was a very dainty little home and one could see at a glance that a lot of work was put into it. All of the softer materials were used as a lining while the coarser goods formed the foundation.

Looking into the interior, I saw four little eggs, about a quarter of an inch long, speckled with brown. I knew I must not stay long for their parents might abandon the nest, but as I stood there I noticed that one of the eggs was a trifle larger than the others. At once my suspicions arose about its being the egg of a cowbird. I dared not touch any of them but went home and looked up a description of the cowbird's egg, found it to be the same as the one in the nest and to be sure about it, consulted a friend and she also agreed. In the afternoon, I returned to the nest and removed it.

I thought the birds would leave the nest after their egg was missing but to my surprise I found the Mrs. had laid another one in its place. After that I felt that all was safe and did not visit the homestead for a couple of weeks. Then I found only three little kings a few days old. I wanted to see the three little heirs again so I soon gave my farewell visit but this time when I returned there was only one little bird not quite ready to fly. All I hope is that the others had flown before. I guess this one flew in a few more days for I never saw anything more of the once small Maryland Yellow Throats but did get acquainted with their parents and visited them every few days with food until they went South.

PEGGY BROOKS,

Age 12, Troop 1, Sound Beach, Conn.

At Christmas—why not give a two-year subscription for \$2.00?



Are You Working for a Premium?

If you are, read this

You will be glad to hear that we have revised our premium plan so that many useful and valuable gifts can be earned by securing fewer new subscribers than ever before. For instance, it formerly took six new yearly subscriptions to earn a Girl Scout axe. It now takes only five!

And furthermore, our new two-years subscription offer of \$2.00 will count towards premiums. Consult the list below which tells you the number of one-year and two-year subscriptions required for every premium we offer. Keep this list for future reference and watch *THE AMERICAN GIRL* for the announcement of further premium offers.

Keep this list

Article	\$1.50 subs.	\$2.00 subs.
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Short Coat Suit.....	10	8
Bloomers	12	9
Knickers	5	4
Middy	6	4
Hat	5	4
Neckkerchief	4	3
" (silk)	1	4
Raincoat	5	4
Coat Sweater	12	9
Slip over "	20	15
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American Flag	1	7
Troop Flag	9	7
" Pennant	14	11
Flag Carrier	4	3
" Set	7	5
Staffs (Jointed with spiral G.S. emblem)	3	2
(Jointed with eagle)	17	13
(Jointed with Spear)	12	9
G. S. Emblem.....	9	7
Eagle Emblem.....	7	5
Spear Emblem.....	4	3
Camping Out.....	5	4
Camp & Field		
Note Book	4	3
First Aid Book.....	3	2
Handbook	3	2
Scout Law poster....	1	
Axe	5	4
Blankets	16	12
Bugle	9	7
Toilet Kit	6	5
Canteen	7	5
Compass	5	4
First Aid Kit.....	3	2
Flashlight	4	3
Handkerchief	3	2
Haversack	7	5
Knife	5	4
Mess Kit	4	3
Poncho	9	7
Ring	9	7
Sewing Kit	12	9
Stationery	4	3
Stockings	10	8
Sun Watch	1	
Wrist Watch	2	1
	2	1
	3	2
	11	8

Gifts for Girl Scouts

Give us some of your spare time, and we will give you these fine pieces of equipment. Many Girl Scouts are earning all these extras that mean so much to them. Why not you, too? It costs nothing to

begin and it is easy to get subscribers. Just take this copy of *THE AMERICAN GIRL* under your arm and go to see your friends. Many of them will wish to have a fine magazine of their own.



Girl Scout Knife

Knife with stag handle and blade of finest steel. Has screw-driver, bottle and can opener, punching blade, and ring for belt. Given to Girl Scouts for obtaining four new yearly subscriptions to *The American Girl*, or three two-year subscriptions.



Compass

Find your way in the woods with this open face, watch type compass. Nickel finish, luminous face, revolving dial. A high grade instrument. Given for obtaining four new yearly subscriptions to *The American Girl*, or three two-year subscriptions.



Girl Scout Axe

Hand axe in leather sheath, with blade of finest tempered steel. Hickory handle. Given to Girl Scouts for obtaining five new yearly subscriptions to *The American Girl*, or four two-year subscriptions.



Sunwatch

This handy sun-watch tells time by the sun and contains a compass too. Attractive in appearance with thin folding case of satin finished brass. Given to Girl Scouts for obtaining three new yearly subscriptions to *The American Girl*, or two two-year subscriptions.

Wrist Watch

This radiolite wrist watch is a reliable time-piece that tells time day or night on account of its luminous face. It is attractive in appearance, with its gun-metal finish and suede wrist strap. Given to Girl Scouts for obtaining eleven new yearly subscriptions to *The American Girl*, or eight two-year subscriptions.



Eveready Flashlight

No camper or hiker can afford to be without a flashlight. This useful premium has a black vulcanized case with polished plated fittings. It is indispensable in your tent and at home. You must have one, too, for studying your star chart in your work for the star gazer's badge. Given to Girl Scouts for obtaining four new yearly subscriptions to *The American Girl*, or three two-year subscriptions.



Blanket and Poncho

This grey blanket is warm because it is all wool; it is durable because it is well made. It weighs four pounds. This Poncho of olive tan rubber on tan sheeting should be in the kit of every camper and hiker.

Given to Girl Scouts for obtaining sixteen new yearly subscriptions to *The American Girl*, or twelve two-year subscriptions.

Follow these directions

When you have secured a new subscriber for us, write her name and address plainly, together with your own name and address and your choice of

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Books to Enchant

By MAY LAMBERTON BECKER

Reader's Guide, Saturday Review of Literature

Once a year at the convention of librarians of America, the Newbery Medal is awarded to the best book for young people published during the twelvemonth. It is a comparatively new prize, but a fine group of books has already been so distinguished. The first was the delicious *Story of Doctor Doolittle*, by Hugh Lofting (Stokes), which with its various sequels has been taken into the inmost hearts of the children of America. The next year it was Henrick Willem Van Loon's *Story of Mankind* (Boni and Liveright), long since read by old and young alike. In July, 1924, I was in Saratoga on the day that the medal was to be awarded, and as the book to receive it is kept a profound secret until the very moment its name is mentioned from the platform, I made one of the crowd that filled the largest ballroom that ever I saw, in the same expectancy as they. But a few of us guessed a little in advance of the award what book would be chosen, for in the front row was the young widow of Charles Boardman Hawes, whose untimely death at the age of thirty-four had cut short a wonderful career as a writer of books for young people. From this we reasoned that his last novel, *The Dark Frigate* (Atlantic Monthly Press), would receive a posthumous award.

And it was so, and we all applauded tumultuously, for a finer book has not been given to American readers of romance, young or old, for many a year. But when Mrs. Hawes, her delicate face framed in her veil, turned to the audience with the medal in her hand and began to speak, in a voice so clear that though it was not raised at all it was heard everywhere in that hushed and attentive silence, we knew that we were about to receive a true message, to readers and to writers. For, setting aside her own grief, she spoke of the author's responsibility, and of her husband's peculiar gift to the world of readers, more especially of those of historical fiction. This is the gift of vision.

I do not pretend to give you just what she said, but we came away feeling that while many a writer can give you the facts, sometimes accurately and sometimes in distortion, about a period of past time, not all can make you see through these facts, as you look through the frame of a window, and see the world beyond. Some historical novels are windows into a world that has passed away, some make you see people moving and living there as people live and move in the world about us. "Without vision the people perish;" without the transfiguring touch of the true artist the facts of history will never enter the imaginations and become part of the lives of young readers. Think this over, girls. It is one of the things that may sound vague to you at first, and you may not at once see just what I mean by vision, but think it over, and see if you do not understand. For when you do, it will mean a great deal to your subsequent reading. You will look for this quality in a writer and find books empty that have none of it.

In the summer of 1923 the Atlantic Press (now Little, Brown and Co.) offered a memorial prize of \$2,000 for a tale of adventure of the same general character as Mr. Hawes's three stories, *The Mutineers*, *The Great Quest*, and *The Dark Frigate*—I hope you will read them all and no doubt many of you have done so already—and with this quality. This prize book would be naturally, what is called a "boys' book," though I notice that girls (especially real girls like Girl Scouts) read this kind of book as often as boys do. The prize was awarded to Mr. C. M. Sublette, who had never written a full-length novel before, though he had tried his hand at adventure stories for magazines. So we may be said to owe his fine book, *The Scarlet Cockerel* (Little, Brown and Co.) to the institution of the Hawes Prize, for it gave him the impetus to set to work on a historical novel, though after he did set to work

Fifty cents more than for one year—

he must have discovered, as you will do when you read the book, that he had a real gift for it. This makes me think—I wonder how many budding talents the contests of *THE AMERICAN GIRL* may be encouraging? I hope if any of you who write me these nice letters about books ever go on and write the Great American Novel you will send me a note and tell me about it.

The Scarlet Cockerel is a story of the French Huguenot colonists of the Carolinas in the sixteenth century, and their troubles with the Spanish who came up from Florida. See how your American history grows real as well as romantic, as you read.

But this was not all. Two of the novels submitted in the competition were so very good that they have been published by the same firm, and I think you will agree with me that the judges had a hard time to come to a decision. *The Clutch of the Corsican*, by Alfred H. Bill, is a real thriller. The Corsican of course is Napoleon and this is in the last days of his reign: an American boy and his mother are held as hostages, and not the least exciting of its episodes is a race for life down the Rhone. The other book is *The Old Brig's Cargo*, by Henry A. Pulsford, and this is about the sailing vessels of eighty years ago: a robust, light-running story full of life and go.

I have room for but one more book, and as all the others were for older girls, here is a funny new one for younger readers—I might say for younger writers, for the point of this book is that you must write most of it for yourself. *The Make-it-Up Story Book*, by Cornelia Adams (McBride) begins a set of good stories, tells just enough to get you interested, and then leaves several pages blank and says "now go on with the story for yourself; how do you think it is going to come out?" It makes you think, and that is a good idea, isn't it? There is a contest connected with it, too, as you see from the paper jacket around the book; the best story sent back completed gets some sort of prize.

The very first sight I saw in London was the headquarters of the Girl Guides of England, which are next door to my hotel on Buckingham Palace Road; a fine place it is to be, too, for the King lives just around the corner when he is in London. On the wall is a large etching of the wedding of Princess Mary, with her signature, for she is deeply interested in the Guides, and in the current number of their publication, *The Girl Guide Gazette*, there is an account of her visit to Foxlease. Wherever I go I see Girl Guides; their uniform is very becoming, dark blue with a touch of green, and wide felt hats that seem to fit every sort of face—but what I noticed most about them, whether I came upon them in the city, or at Oxford, or tramping merrily along country lanes, was their extremely good manners. And that, I think, is one of the best things to be noticed for, because it makes one remembered gratefully and for a long time.

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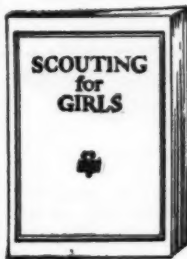
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I can't afford it just now." Go to the mothers of all those girls just after Thanksgiving. Tell them their daughters would like our magazine. Show them sample copies. Mothers like **THE AMERICAN GIRL** and are easy to convince. They will wish their daughters to be reading the best magazine for girls.

Money for fall needs

And at this season money is most welcome. Girls have a thousand needs now. For new fall clothes, for your troop fund, and for Christmas presents. Won't it be fun this year to earn your own money for Christmas?

Do not lose any time during this busy subscription season. And if you need more order blanks or sample copies let us know. We will forward them to you immediately.

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If you are not already a member of the Earn-Your-Own Club you may join at once and take advantage of the fall and winter season to earn your own money. Just sign the attached coupon. In a few days, you will receive your Special Honor Certificate of membership and much useful material to aid you in your work of securing **AMERICAN GIRL** subscriptions with their generous commissions.



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I, too, wish to earn my own money in the way you describe. Please enroll me as a member of the Earn-Your-Own Club.

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City..... State.....

Special Delivery

From the International Post Office

Abroad, at home, everywhere, the mails are full of letters between Girl Scouts and Girl Scouts under the different names which different languages have given them. Last March when we published a notice that the "International Post Office" had been created, not a person in this office, and certainly not any one abroad, dreamed of the flood of letters that began to pour in a few days after the magazine was out. Many girls enclosed a second letter addressed to an unknown Girl Scout or Guide or Eclairseuse or Pfadfinderin or Exploratrice (there are even more names for the very same kind of girl!), which we forwarded at once to the office in the country asked for. We know, and are more than sorry, that many answers have been slow in coming. That is due to the flood above mentioned. The foreign offices often simply could not find immediately girls who knew English and who were of the right age. Besides, only a few of the organizations abroad had tried this idea of an "International Post Office" before, and it takes time to spread information among hundreds of girls that there are also hundreds across the Atlantic waiting to write to them. And these hundreds were literally true. Would you have guessed that we have more than one thousand Girl Scouts registered in our Post Office? We have had even a few letters from abroad.

For instance, we had this letter from Australia: "I am an Australian Girl Guide," it began, "and I want to have a Girl Scout correspondent. Will you write to me please?" Later: "In a week or so hockey, basketball, and football teams from Kerang and Echuca (two towns in Victoria) are visiting us to play our High School teams. That's when we have fun." And the letter continues. Then there were two chums in Argylshire, Scotland, who asked if they might join the Post Office, and an English girl near London, and a girl in Hawaii who drives a "flivver Ford" every morning to the Junior High School she attends (funny to think of Fords in the romantic home of ukeles and moonlit waters and the two mountains of musical names, Manna Kea and Manna Loa!). There was a letter, too, from the sister of a Boy Scout in Germany, and one from Spain, and a special letter from the organization in Serbia (with queer, unintelligible characters at the top) telling us the "Girl Guide Gazette" published a short notice like our own."

Let us emphasize one thing: if you are lucky enough to know a foreign language sufficiently for reading and writing purposes, don't hide that shining fact under a bushel basket! Dozens of Girl Scouts will tell you what fun it is to write and to receive letters in a foreign language. About

Free—everything you want as a Girl Scout—see our premium offer

fifty girls have said that they could write in French or Spanish, a few in German, two in Czech, one in Polish, one in Italian.

To those who are especially impatient over the long time necessary between distant places such as India and Australia, we might drop the hint that Canada is a way out of the difficulty, and a very good way at that. Not only are Canadian girls eager to write, and not only do you receive their letters within a few days, but you also stand a good chance of seeing your friend some day.

And then there is correspondence between Girl Scouts in our own United States. Goodness, how that has grown! And without a word of suggestion on our part!

We might tell you here of a rather different idea in correspondence that we are eager to see tried. Some one suggested correspondence between *troops*. Every month, or perhaps every three months, the Scribes in a troop might gather together bits of news, accounts of hikes or camping, new recipes—anything, in short, that might be of interest to other Girl Scouts,—and edit a little paper to be sent to the other troop. Some troop might even be bold enough to model some features after *THE AMERICAN GIRL*, and have stories by Girl Scouts, a Beholder Department, photographs. Or they might make a scrapbook covering certain subjects such as a nature study or homemaking. If any troop is interested in this plan, write in and we will put you in touch with another troop. And if you, personally, want a friend in some country that has long interested you or in some other part of the United States, write in, too, and we will help you find her.

From England

An English Girl Guide wrote this letter to a girl in Salt Lake City, Utah.

DEAR OLIVE: Miss S. sent me your letter from the "Guide" Post Box some time ago but I have had hardly any time so I must apologize for not answering before. Thank you very much for the letter, I certainly would not have known what to put in this letter if I had not received yours first.

Well, to introduce myself, my name is Ellene Mangoletsi and I belong to the Mount School Company of Guides. I am the second of the Robin Patrol and have one more test before I get my first class badge. There are thirty Guides in our Company. We don't live right in the town of Manchester but are more in the country. Manchester itself is very smoky and busy but we are all fond of it.

We went to camp in the summer to North Wales, a little country place called Cilcain. It was lovely. Has your troop ever been to camp? If you haven't, I advise you to try it, it is fine. I should love to see the sun and the colour of the sky when the sun sets over your lake. I'm sure it would be beautiful. We get some quite decent sunsets here, too.

Well, hoping you will write soon,

Yours Guidingly,

Ellene Mangoletsi.

If You Wish Equipment

Secure new subscribers for THE AMERICAN GIRL

Guard Rope

Guard rope 15 feet long, of excellent quality sash cord with snap fastener and ring for belt. Makes your knot tying easy. Given to Girl Scouts for obtaining two new yearly subscriptions to *The American Girl*, or one two-year subscription.



Troop Pennant

You will certainly want this troop pennant in blue felt with green and gold Girl Scout emblem on white field. Comes lettered with your troop number. Given to Girl Scouts for obtaining four new yearly subscriptions to *The American Girl*, or three two-year subscriptions.

Canteen

Heavy seamless aluminum Canteen, with screw top on chain. Khaki case with padded interlining and snap fastenings; adjustable strap with buckle for carrying. Light and comfortable, since aluminum is one of the lightest metals. Holds one quart. Insures pure drinking water, a necessity for the hiker. Given to Girl Scouts for obtaining seven new yearly subscriptions to *The American Girl*, or five two-year subscriptions.



Mirror

Unbreakable mirror of metal, brightly polished. Comes in khaki case with snap fastening. Has hole for hanging in tent.

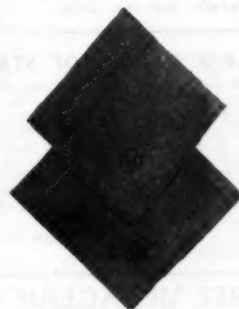
Given to Girl Scouts for obtaining one new yearly subscription.



Handkerchief

A khaki colored handkerchief is the little touch that carries out the uniform effect. Trefoil emblem embroidered in brown in corner. Practical and sensible.

Given to Girl Scouts for obtaining one new yearly subscription to *The American Girl*.



Mess Kit

Official mess kit of heavy seamless aluminum is a complete eating and cooking outfit. Consists of fry pan with folding handle, covered cooking vessel, drinking cup, fork, spoon and stew pan, which can be used as plate and bowl too.

Given to Girl Scouts for obtaining nine new yearly subscriptions to *The American Girl*, or seven two-year subscriptions.



Read this carefully

Send us the subscriptions and a check or money order for each as you secure them. We will credit them towards any premium you designate. Write the names and addresses of our new subscribers clearly and your own name and address also.

Send all orders to

THE AMERICAN GIRL

Girl Scouts, Inc.

670 Lexington Avenue

New York City

You'll never be sorry you joined our Club—see page 52

STAMPS

ANCHER'S \$\$\$ OUTFIT—ONLY 12c!

Fine triangle stamp; set German stamps with (pre-war) value of forty million dollars (interesting!); perforation gauge and mme. scale; small album; 3 approval sheets; 1 air-mail set; scarce stamp from smallest republic on earth; 1 newspaper set; packet good stamps from Travancore, Johore, Dutch India, etc., etc.—entire outfit for 12c to approval applicants! Extra premium this month only:

Nice pocket stock book, val. 25c, with every order

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148a Clerk St. JERSEY CITY, N. J.

STAMPS

1000 all different stamps for \$1.00

50 Roumania different stamps for .20
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200 Austria " " " .25

C. H. Hollister, Mukwonago, Wis.

GIRLS! BIG STAMP BARGAIN

Only to Applicants for Stamps on Approval

We will send as premium for 12 cents (regular price twenty-five cents) 1 set Airplane stamps, 10 blank approval sheets, 1 small stamp book, 1 stamp wallet, 1 perforation gauge, 250 hinges, 1 triangle stamp, Packet of stamps from Abyssinia, Africa, Nyassa, Georgia, Turkey, etc., etc., and price list. PIKES, PEAK STAMP CO., Colorado Springs, Colo.

LARGE PACKET OF STAMPS FREE

30 different from Latvia, Austria, Hungary etc. free for 2c. 30 Sweden 9c; 25 Australia 12c; 30 French Col. 9c; 1 Nossi Be 6c; 60 Sweden 30c; 2 St. Marie 10c; 2 Sardinia 9c; 1 Tien Tsin 5c; 25 Wurtemberg 15c; 35 U. S. 5c; 20 Animal 12c; 50 Bulgaria 37c; 50 Roumania 16c; 100 Austria 12c; 30 Central America 15c; 200 Europe 25c; 150 Hungary 20c; 50 So. America 20c.

Toronto GRAY STAMP CO. Canada

FREE MENAGERIE PACKET

of 30 diff. large showy picture stamps for a request for my 1, 2 and 3c approvals; also the higher priced desirable stamps at 50% Discnt. with extra Discnts. on liberal purchases.

CHAS. THOMAS

1412 North 16th Street
Philadelphia Pa.

RELIANCE STAMP CO.

Wishes every Girl Scout a happy vacation. We used to take our stamp collection to camp with us for rainy days and evenings. 125 free stamps if you'll ask for approvals.

RELIANCE STAMP CO.

Auburndale, Mass.



CLASS RINGS & PINS

Largest Catalog Issued—FREE

Samples loaned class officers. Prices \$2.50 to \$8.00 each. No order for class, society, club emblems too large or too small. Special designs made on request.



MEYER ARTS CO., Inc.

7740 South Ave., Rochester, N. Y.

(Continued from page 14)

"It's all right for you to talk about spirit. But luck's against us, I say. We're just fated to lose. It's down on the books that way. And a man can't..."

"Oh, Andy!" Barry called. And the team looked up to find Barry and Irving side by side.

"You were saying something about spirit," Barry said, looking at Andy but speaking to the whole team. "And about it being down on the books that we're going to lose today."

Andy's face reddened, but his eyes were defiant. "That's what I said," he admitted.

"Well, here's Irving Conrad."

Andy frowned. "How did you get here?" he asked Irving.

It was Barry who answered. "He can't ride in an automobile of any kind, you know that. And you know why, too. But he's here."

"How did he get here?" Andy asked again.

"He rode."

Andy scrambled to his feet. "Rode?"

"Yes, in a car. Wanted to get here and he came."

Curious, all the players had risen to their feet. They knew as well as Andy, what that ride meant to Irving. So they waited now for Andy to speak; but as they waited, their muscles hardened and the light of battle crept into their eyes. Then Andy smiled. But it was the kind of smile we knew of old—Andy's fighting smile.

"Come on, men," he said huskily. "Let's go out and show this Conrad kid that we've got as much spirit as he has."

Grim-lipped and determined, they went out and won the game. The newspapers on Monday gave Andy Kirk most of the credit for victory. But there were many of us who knew better, who knew the real victor was a small, undersized boy named Irving Conrad, who, when the game was ended, said never a word to any one, but determinedly stepped into an automobile.

Girl Scout Games

(Continued from page 29)

that letter must immediately give the Morse Code for it before one can count ten. If she is able to do this, she then calls out a letter. When a player fails to give the code before the time is up, she must go to the foot of the line and every one must letter over again. For example, suppose there are twenty-four players. The first will be A and the last X. A might call out, "M." M must then either tap out M or say, "Dash, dash." If she fails to do this, she becomes X and all those between L and X move up one seat and number over. This game may also be used for the semaphore if the players stand and each girl has a flag.

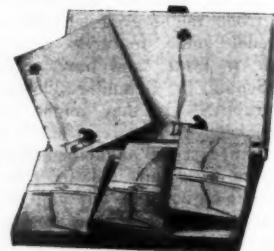
Earn these Gifts



Sewing Kit

Inspool Sewing Kit, contains pins, self-threading needles, one spool khaki thread, and thimble, which is top of kit when closed.

Given to Girl Scouts for obtaining one new yearly subscription for The American Girl.



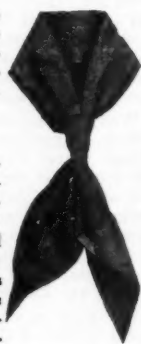
Stationery

Official Girl Scout Stationery: 24 sheets of excellent quality cream-colored writing paper with envelopes to match. Paper stamped in brown with charming silhouette drawing, featuring trefoil seal. Stationery is attractively boxed. Adds touch of Girl Scouting to your letters.

Given to Girl Scouts for obtaining two new yearly subscriptions to The American Girl.

Neckerchief

Brighten up your uniform with a gay neckerchief and get an extra one for a head band. In all wanted colors. (See price list.) Given to Girl Scouts for obtaining one new yearly subscription to The American Girl.



Our Offer

Select the gift or gifts you most desire and send us the required number of subscriptions to The American Girl. We will send each subscriber the magazine for one year (or for two years) and we will send you the gift or gifts of your choice.

At Christmas—why not give a two-year subscription for \$2.00?



The Way in Scoutville

In Brooklyn—

Official headquarters for Scout clothing and accessories is in Brooklyn's largest Store — where a special department awaits you.

ABRAHAM & STRAUS INC.
BROOKLYN

Girl Scouts, Listen!

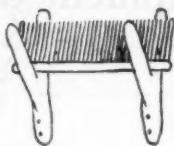
WHEN in Scranton, remember we are sole agents for Girl Scout equipment. We are serving Girl Scouts just as we have been serving your brother Boy Scouts for years and years.

Samter Bros. Co.
Scranton, Pa.

Girl Scouts, Attention!

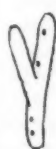
WE want you to know that this store is official headquarters for Washington, and when you come in for Scout Apparel or Equipment, you will find a royal welcome.

The Hecht Co.
7th Street, at F Street, N.W.,
Washington, D. C.



More Handicraft

For your Girl Scout knife



Note: Dorothy Sinz, of Troop 1, Dallas, Texas, made these racks and paper knives. She is the designer of the lion totem pole in our August issue and won the prize in our contest, "What I Can Make with My Girl Scout Knife."

An easily made hook can be formed from a fork of a tree. This should be about six inches long. Placing the straightest side against the wall, nail about three times. By taking two of these forks of about the same size you can contrive a very useful comb rack. Place the forks about six or eight inches apart, depending upon the size of your comb and nail to place.

A paper knife will make a nice addition to your desk and can be made very readily with a piece of cedar. Whittling away from you, start forming the handle and blade. If you will draw the knife on the wood first it will be very much easier to cut out the rough knife. Various shapes and styles can be made to suit your taste. By making the handles different you can have a fine collection. Sandpaper the edges and handle smooth. The blade can be made very sharp by first bringing the wood to a point and then sandpapering it smooth.



The official Girl Scout knife is on sale at your local equipment agent's or it can be ordered direct from National Headquarters. Large size, \$1.60, smaller size, \$1.05.

Official Girl Scout Store of Minneapolis

Dayton's specializes in all Juvenile needs in the Children's Own Store—2nd Floor.

The Dayton Company

Jordan Marsh Company

Official Headquarters
in
Boston
for Scout Apparel
and Accessories

A Special Section, devoted to Girl and Boy Scout Equipment is located on the Third Floor, Main Store.

Cincinnati Headquarters for Girl Scouts

This big, bright, beautiful store is official headquarters for the Girl Scouts in Cincinnati. All your official requirements very readily taken care of on the second floor of Cincinnati's Greatest Sporting Goods Store

**The
Bolles-Brendamour
Co.**

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The Golden Rule

Official Headquarters in
Saint Paul, Minnesota

Girl Scouts of Orange County

For That New Uniform
Or Other Equipment

Go to STERN'S
NEWBURG, NEW YORK

Patronize the equipment agent in your town

Revised Standard Price List for Girl Scout Equipment

Effective October 1, 1925



Uniforms

	Size	Price		Size	Price		Size	Price
Long Coat	10-18	\$1.65	Hats, Officer's	7-8	\$4.00	Black Silk		\$2.00
Short Coat Suit	38-42	4.15	Hats, Scout	6½-8	1.60	Green Silk		2.00
	10-18	4.70	Web Belt	28-38	.65	Yellow Slickers, sizes..	10-12	4.25
Skirt	38-42	5.20		40-46	.75		sizes.. 14-20	5.25
Bloomers	10-42	2.10	Leather for officers....	28-38	2.75	Sweaters—Brown and Green		
Knickers	10-42	1.85		40-46	3.00	Heather—		
Middy—Official khaki..	10-40	1.75	Neckerchiefs, each		0.45	Coat Model, sizes.....	32-40	8.00
Norfolk Suits—Officer's:			Colors: Green, purple, dark			Slip over model, sizes..	32-40	7.00
Khaki, light weight	34-42	7.25	blue, light blue, brown, cor-					
Khaki, heavy weight	34-42	15.00	dinal, black, and yellow.					
Serge	34-42	38.00						

Badges

x Attendance Stars			x * Life Saving Crosses			x Second Class Badge.....	\$0.35
Gold	\$0.30		Silver	\$1.75		x * Thanks Badge	
Silver15		Bronze	1.50		Heavy gold plate with bar..	3.00
x First Class Badge.....	.35		x * Medal of Merit.....	1.00		Gold Plate Pins.....	.75
x Flower Crests15		x Proficiency Badges15		Silver Plate75

Pins

x Brownie	\$0.25		x Lapels—G. S.—Bronze.....	\$0.50		New plain type.....	\$0.15
x Committee75		x Tenderfoot Pins			Old style plain pin.....	.08
x * Community Service35		10K Gold (safety catch)....	3.00		Midget gold filled50
x * Golden Eaglet	1.50		Gold Filled (safety catch)..	0.75		x Worn by officers or Scouts	
						when not in uniform	

Insignia

x Armband	\$0.15		x Ex-Patrol Leader's Chevron.	\$0.20		x Lapels—G. S., for Scouts....	\$0.20
x Corporal Chevron10		x Hat Insignia (for Captain's			x Patrol Leader's Chevron....	.15
			hat)50			

Songs

America, the Beautiful.....	\$0.05		Girl Scout Songs			Oh, Beautiful Country.....	\$0.05
Are You There.....	.10		Vocal Booklet	\$0.10		On the Trail:	
Enrollment10		Piano Edition30		Piano edition60
Everybody Ought to be a Scout	.15		Girl Scout Song Sheet.....	.04		Midget Size05
First National Training School	.25		Lots of 10 or more.....	.03		Lots of 10 or more.....	.02
Girl Guide60		Goodnight15		Onward15
Girl Scouts Are True.....	.15		Hiking On30		To America25
Girl Scout Song Book.....	.50					Be Prepared, Girl Guide Song	.35

Flags

American Flags			(x) Troop Flags			Price
Size	Material	Price	Size	Material	Price	Lettering
2x3 ft.	Wool	\$2.80	2x3 ft.	Wool..	\$2.60	10c per letter
3x5 ft.	Wool	3.60	2½x4 ft.	Wool..	4.20	15c " "
4x6 ft.	Wool	4.60	3x5 ft.	Wool..	5.75	20c " "
			4x6 ft.	Wool..	8.50	20c " "
						Price
			Flag Set		1.30	
			Includes:			
			1 pr. Morse Code Flags Jointed			
			6-ft. Staff			
			1 pr. Semaphore Flags, Heavy			
			web carrying case			
			Single Morse Code Flag-staff, not			
			jointed60	
x G. S. Felt Emblems (separate)						
3x4		35c				
4x5		40c				
6x7		45c				
7x10		55c				
						Semaphore Flags (extra), per
						pair
						.75
						(x) Troop Pennants
						Lettered with any Troop No.
						\$1.50
						Staffs
						1 in. x 7 ft. Jointed with Spiral
						G. S. Emblem....
						\$6.75
						1 in. x 7 ft. Jointed with Eagle.
						5.00
						1 in. x 7 ft. Jointed with Spear.
						3.50
						G. S. Emblem—separate.....
						3.70
						Eagle Emblem—separate.....
						2.60
						Spear Emblem—separate.....
						1.60
						Flag Carrier
						2.60

NOTE: Two weeks are required to letter troop flags.

SPECIAL NOTE—These prices are subject to change without notice.
* Sold only on Approval of the Committee on Standards and Awards.

Above Prices are Postage Paid

Standard Price List Continued

Literature

	Price		Price		Price
Brownie Books	\$0.25	Patrol System for Girl Guides25	Per dozen	1.00
Brownie Pamphlet15	Plays, each15	Girl Scout Creed (Henry Van Dyke)15
Brownie Report75	By Mrs. B. O. Edey		Girl Scout poster (large)30
Blue Book of Rules25	Why They Gave a Show and How		Girl Scout poster (small)10
Camping Out, L. H. Weir	2.00	How St. John Came to Ben- cer's School		Set of 7 Child Welfare Posters	6.85
Campward Ho!75	By Oleda Schrottky		Producing Amateur Entertain- ments, Helen Ferris	2.50
Camp and Field Notebook Cover50	A Pot of Red Geraniums		Scout Laws	
Community Service Booklet—		Why the Rubbish?		Poster size50
Each10	Everybody's Affair		Small size15
Per dozen	1.00	By Margaret Mochrie		Scout Mastership	1.50
First Aid Book—		Magic Gold Pieces		Troop Management Course75
New Edition	1.05	Post Cards—		Troop Register (Field Note Book Size)	2.05
Girl Guide Book of Games50	Set of Six (Silhouette)10	Additional Sheets	
Ceremonies around the Girl Scout Year25	1 dozen sets	1.00	Cash Record	
Health Record Books, each10	Set of four (Colored) (Fall, Winter, Spring, Summer. Sets cannot be broken)20	(15 sheets)25c. package
Per dozen	1.00	Building	2 for .05	Per sheet (broken pkg.)3c. ea.
Handbook, Cloth Board Cover	1.10	Washington Little House (Ex- terior)03	Treasurer's Monthly Record	
Flexible Cloth Cover80	Washington Little House (Doorway)03	(30 sheets)25c. package
English Girl Guide75	Girl Scout Laws (By E. B. Price)05	Per sheet (broken pkg.)2c. ea.
Home Service Booklet, each10	"A Girl Scout is Cheerful" (By M. E. Price)03	Treasurer's or Scribe's Record	
Per dozen	1.00	"A Girl Scout's Honor is to be Trusted" (By M. E. Price)03	(15 sheets)25c. package
Knots, Hitches and Splices55	Posters—		Per sheet (broken pkg.)3c. ea.
Life Saving Booklet15	New Building Poster 9 1/4 x 11 1/410	Individual Record	
Nature Projects—				(30 sheets)25c. package
Set of three (Bird, Tree and Flower Finder) with note book cover	1.50			Per sheet (broken pkg.)2c. ea.
Projects, each40			Troop Advancement Record3c. a sheet
Ye Andree Logge75				
Pageant—					
Spirit of Girlhood, by Florence Howard50				
Patrol Register, each15				

Miscellaneous Equipment

Axe, with Sheath	\$1.85	1 Khaki, Official Scout, 36 in. wide40	Stockings, Cotton, sizes 8-11 ..	.55
Belt Hooks, extra05	Heavy, for Officers, 28 in. wide60	Sun Watch	1.00
Blankets—4-pound Grey	6.50	Knives, No. 1	1.60	Transfer Seals, 2 for05
Bugle	3.75	No. 2	1.05	Trefoil Emblem Stickers (em- bossed in gold)02
Braid—1/4-inch wide, yard10	Mess Kit, Aluminum, 6 pieces	3.50	3 for05
x Buttons—Per set25	Mirror—Unbreakable25	12 for15
100—6 L to set—dozen sets ..	2.75	x Patterns—		100 for	1.00
Camp Toilet Kit	2.35	Coat, Skirt or Bloomers, 10-42 ..	.15	Thread, Khaki spool15
Canteen, Aluminum	2.75	Norfolk Suit, 34-4225	Per dozen spools	1.20
Tin	2.00	Poncho (45x72)	3.50	x Uniform Make-Up Sets—	
Compass, Plain	1.00	" (60x82)	4.75	Long Coat Uniform70
Radiolite Dial	1.50	Rings, Silver, 3 to 9	1.50	1 Long Coat Pattern	Give pattern size
Cuts—		10K Gold, 3 to 9	4.00	1 Pair Lapels	
Running Girl	1.00	Rope, 4 ft. by 1/4 in.15	1 Spool of Thread	
Trefoil75	Lots of 5 or more, each10	1 Set of Buttons	
First Aid Kit with Pouch	1.30	Guide, 15 ft., ring for belt ..	.50	Two piece Uniform85
Iodine Antiseptic Pen, extra ..	.50	Serge, O. D., 54 in. wide, per yard	4.75	1 Short Coat Pattern	Give pattern size
First Aid Kit, No. 1	2.90	Sewing Kit, Tin Case25	1 Skirt Pattern	
Flashlights, Small size	1.35	Aluminum Case50	1 Pair Lapels	
Large size	1.70	Girl Scout Stationery55	1 Spool of Thread	
Handkerchiefs—Scout emblem:		Girl Scout Stickers, per dozen ..	.05	1 Set of Buttons	
Linen40			No make-up sets for middies and bloomers.	
Cotton25			Whistles20
Haversacks, No. 1	3.00			Wrist Watch, Radiolite	4.50
No. 2	2.00				
Shoulder Protection Straps, per pair25				

Important Instructions for Ordering Equipment

1. Scout equipment can be sold only upon written approval of registered Captain.
2. Cash must accompany all orders. All checks, drafts, or money orders should be made payable to the order of Girl Scouts, Inc.
3. Girl Scout buttons, patterns and coat lapels are sold only when official khaki is purchased from National Headquarters.
4. Authorized department stores cannot sell any of the items marked with an x.
5. Hats are not returnable. See order blank for size.

Mail all Orders to

GIRL SCOUTS, Inc.

670 Lexington Avenue, New York City

Above Prices are Postage Paid



By this time, the entire country knows that Girl Scout Week comes in the autumn. There are many reasons why November seventh to November fourteenth (which are the dates this year) is a good time. Our own Founder's birthday is on joyous Hallowe'en, when we delight to do honor to Mrs. Juliette Low. Our troops are meeting together once more, after the summer's vacation days. All about us, nature is giving us a world more beautiful, it seems, than ever before. And we who are Girl Scouts wish to join with her in making our own Girl Scouting as splendid as we can. And so we have a Girl Scout Week.

There is much that we all may do during Girl Scout Week. You will find some suggestions on page twenty-three, others in the pictures on page thirty. You and your Captain and the other troops in your town will decide together just what you wish to do. But there are three parts of our plan which we hope every Girl Scout and every troop will surely have in their observance of Girl Scout Week. We hope that you will read our Founder's Birthday Message on page eleven at your troop meeting or at some other part of your celebration.

We hope that every Girl Scout will cook dinner or supper at home, one day of our week. That is, all the Girl Scouts in your town, cooking dinner on the same day. Can't you imagine the scene in each kitchen—mother banished, a Girl Scout in charge, adorned in a big gingham apron, and whisking about? We wish we might accept an invitation to every Girl Scout's house where that dinner is cooked. In rotation, of course.

This part of our plan is such fun! If we could, we would set one day on which every Girl Scout in the United States would be doing it. But since we cannot do that (you can readily see why one day might not be convenient in some towns), each town is to set its own day, any time during Girl Scout Week. Perhaps you will decide to cook Sunday

supper instead of a dinner. That fits into the plan, too.

If we did nothing more in honor of Girl Scout Week, this would make it worthwhile. But we do plan something more. We plan to have many exhibits, many entertainments, many special events which will give our neighbors and friends a glimpse into what the Girl Scouts are doing. What we show them, what we do, will, we hope, win new friends for us, as well as show our old friends that their confidence in the Girl Scouts has been well placed.

And there remains another part of this year's celebration which we hope no troop will omit, and that is, our tree planting. Just what tree you will plant, and where you will plant it, is for you to decide. You may wish to plant a single Tree of Remembrance in honor of Mrs. Juliette Low, our Founder, or of some citizen in your own town. Perhaps you will wish to make your tree planting a community-wide celebration, joining with the Boy Scouts, the Women's Club, the Rotary Club and others to plant Trees of Remembrance along a highway, or across an expanse of barren ground in a park. This is being done in many towns, with the state Forestry Department donating tree seedlings for the occasion.

The picture you see upon this page was taken on Arbor Day at our Cleveland Girl Scout camp. The story of that day has in it many suggestions for



Cleveland's Arbor Day

those of you who wish to make of your Tree Planting a very special occasion. To be sure, Arbor Day comes in the spring. But fall is a splendid time, too, in which to plant trees, provided you select a kind of tree that will thrive in your part of the country.

This is what happened at the Cleveland Camp on Arbor Day, a story written for us by Pearl Anderson, Local Director there. "The Cleveland Girl Scouts beautified their camp site on Arbor Day by donating and planting many tree seedlings, vines and shrubs. "Before the planting was begun at the spot where the first tree was to be planted, six Girl Scouts dressed in green and brown woodsmen's costumes gave the Tree Ceremony which is to be found in our new book *Ceremonies around the Girl Scout Year*, and sang the Tree Song, both of which are published by National Headquarters.

"Our Commissioner, Mrs. Benedict Crowell, assisted by her gardener, supervised the planting. Near the spring, twelve evergreen trees were planted, which will make the spot a cooler and more secluded place when the trees are grown.

"The Ohio Forestry Department's gift was eighty tree seedlings which were placed over the camp ground in the more barren spots. We like to feel that over three-fourths of Cleveland's troops, through their representatives, actually helped with the work of beautifying their camp site."

Perhaps you have already seen in THE AMERICAN GIRL our announcement of what The American Tree Association had promised to do for the Girl Scouts. The Association will send you a Tree Planting Bulletin, filled with practical suggestions about your tree planting. And the Association will award a certificate to each girl or troop planting a tree. Write to Mr. Charles L. Pack, The American Tree Association, 1214 Sixteenth Street, Washington, D.C.

Here is to Girl Scout Week, 1925—May it be the best we have ever had!



Yes, this is Paul Waul

Hero (or villain?) in our new serial

Why did Jane Dyke dislike him? Would you, seeing him? It seems strange, doesn't it? Read the first installment of our thrilling new mystery serial, starting on page five of this issue, and see whether

you can make it out. And then there is the vanishing bracelet? Where on earth can it have gone? And what does crabbed old Aunt Augusta think she can accomplish by summoning Mr. Paul Waul to the scene? Does she think he can turn into a detective? The whole thing is really too mysterious! It's no wonder every month's installment of this story will be more interesting than the last. Renew—subscribe—don't miss even one installment of this story by Ethel Cook Eliot.

Everything You Like—in November

Ralph Henry Barbour

Yes, the hero is on the hockey team. And he wants dreadfully to take a certain girl to a certain party. Will she go with him? That depends. There is another boy, too, who has invited her—and he is on the rival team! No one can write better athletic and High School stories than Ralph Henry Barbour and he is now writing them for *THE AMERICAN GIRL*—this one, for the January issue.

Constance Lindsay Skinner

Girls of pioneer days, of Indian days—ever so many of you have asked for them. And we are going to have them, a whole series, starting in December, with another in January—and more later. Becky Sanders is a girl of pioneer Kentucky. Her brother has disappeared, most people declaring he has been stolen by the Indians. Becky is the oldest one at home. She must care for her mother. So, taking her gun, she goes out to get the Christmas turkey and — — — !



Lost in a Cave

Virginia Cuyler is her name. And she is traveling with her brother, Jack, in the Southwest. You first meet her when she is dangling over the edge of a cliff. Rescued from this predicament by a brave Indian boy, Council Smoke, she becomes interested in his secret of the Lost River, the solving of which means everything to him and his tribe. Determined

to help, Virginia and Jack soon find themselves in a strange situation, whereupon Virginia herself disappears into a cave. Can the Indian boy, for all his knowledge of the country, save her from her rashness? And what has it all to do with Council Smoke's secret? It's all in one of our November stories, called *The Lost River* by Alida Sims Malkus.

She Beat a Boy in a Race

Dashing down the street, knowing full well that it was not then considered ladylike for a girl, Dolly beat the bumptious boy—returning home to hear the news that General and Mrs. George

Washington would visit her parents next day! Would the General hear of her prank? And what would he say? Dolly Madison in Katherine Dunlap Cather's story, *Dolly Gayheart*, was a real girl. A favorite of Washington's, he, himself introduced her to the young man she later married and who took her to be a popular mistress of the White House.

Augusta Huiell Seaman

Yes, a haunted house! Groans! Rattling doors. A luminous spot against a black wall at midnight! How could Alisande Creighton and her father have known about the ghost when the auto break-down made them stop for the night. And Alisande was left alone in the most haunted room of all! This is the ghost story you have been waiting for, written by one of your favorite authors—coming in our December and January issues.



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